Week ending March 5 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

TITO v. STALIN *by EDWARD CRANKSHAW*

TRAITOR'S ISLAND *SERIAL by MARTHA ALBRAND*

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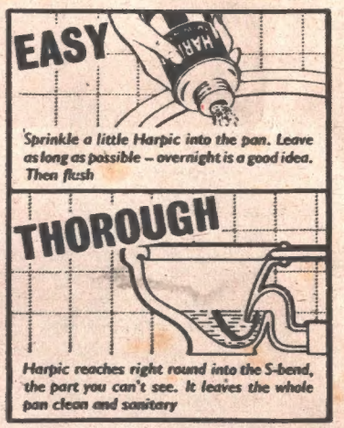
Issued by the Ministry of Transport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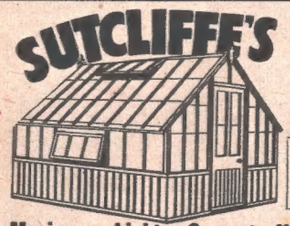

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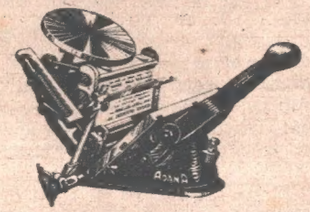

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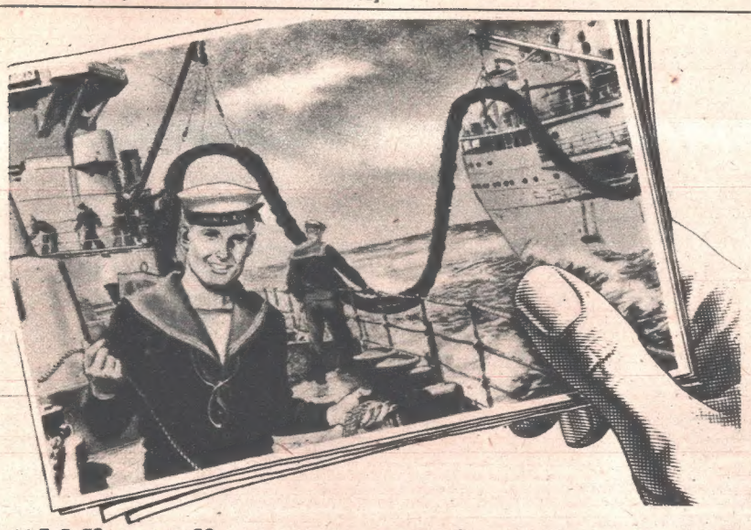

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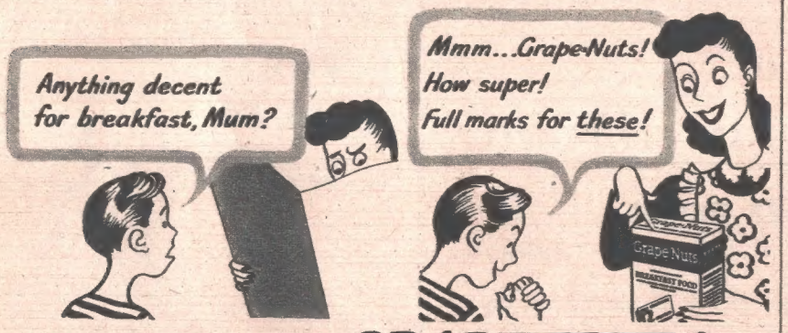

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EDITORIAL

Give Us a Real Campaign to Clear the Slums

TODAY THERE ARE over 2,000,000 people in this country who, although they have in effect "a roof over their heads," live in slum conditions of insanitary overcrowding which are dangerous to health and well-being.

A bit of a cold snap this March means for many of them freezing rooms without means of heat. A spell of rain means water through the roof. And for some the only means of ventilation is a hole in the window, blocked up with newspaper when the weather gets too bad outside.

Moving people out of these rat-trap slums, although such people may in fact be listed as "housed," is an urgent national duty. It is a much bigger and more urgent matter than most people, including many local authorities and some members of the Government, seem to realize.

LOOK at this story of slumland—until now, unfortunately, a story of inaction.

When the last war started, nearly 100,000 slum houses were officially scheduled for demolition. In 1940 the Barlow Report on the distribution of industrial population said: "The number of additional houses still required to remedy slums and overcrowding is 300,000 for England and 230,000 for Scotland."

That gives some idea of the magnitude of the job. If, in fact, all the 580,000 permanent and temporary houses built since 1945 had been allocated simply to rehouse slum dwellers, we should by this month have barely eliminated the black spots.

In Glasgow today—the worst area in the country—over 150,000 people live in districts like Bridgeton, Cowcaddens, Camlachie and Anderston, under conditions terrible to describe. A family of four to a single room is the rule rather than the exception. Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham, too, have their festering areas which are really unfit for human habitation.

GO south-west to cities like Bristol and the problem is no less acute. One applicant for a Bristol council house recently was an ex-soldier, with wife and two children, living in a slum room 12 ft. by 7 ft. His wife cooked on a stove used by four other families. This winter they have been without heat of any kind, sleeping in a bed heaped high with blankets in an attempt to keep out the creeping damp and cold.

What sort of housing "priority" can a family like this obtain? The truth is that their position, because they are in effect "housed," may be incomparably worse than that of a couple who have to live temporarily with relatives.

There are at present several ways of tackling the problem, and none of these appears to be receiving sufficient attention from local authorities.

First, the slum dweller should be given special priority by local authorities for whatever permanent or temporary houses become available. Why not, for instance, earmark specifically for slum dwellers at least forty per cent of all new temporary houses? This would have the effect of making a start and of giving hope to people now gripped by hopelessness.

Second, local authorities should overcome false prejudice against moving slum dwellers into council estates. "It simply won't do to have them there," say some councillors. These people should be reminded that with conditions as they are in Britain today, councils are not, after all, conducting a search for "good tenants, with respectable backgrounds." They happen to be dealing with a social problem of the most urgent kind.

Often, the requisitioning of big houses in certain "better," or "more respectable" parts of cities is held up by the argument that the value of surrounding property might decrease were slum dwellers shifted to the neighbourhood. This attitude must go. Moving slum people into converted flatlets is often far quicker than waiting until new accommodation can be put up on the outskirts of the cities.

THE point as we see it is to find alternative accommodation for large numbers of slum dwellers as quickly as possible, so that the black areas of slum sites can be cleared. Later on, modern blocks of workers' flats can be erected on the cleared sites. The first point is to *get the people out*.

These slums of ours in Britain—so long neglected that in fact, over the past ten years, no one but Hitler has done any real slum clearance—*must* be tackled.

Here is not simply a problem of "bad housing." Here are, in effect, breeding grounds for juvenile delinquency and plague spots which threaten seriously to affect the health of yet another generation.

Aneurin Bevan, who has already done a magnificent job in meeting the needs of the bombed out and the homeless, should now spur local authorities to face the slum issue.

A national campaign, backed by all the power and resources of the State and the local authorities—nothing less than a "war" to remove for ever the blight of the slums—will earn the thanks of millions who have too few champions in authority and whose case is now half forgotten.

JOHN BULL 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

March 5, 1949 Volume 85 Number 2227 Phone: TEMple Bar 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London

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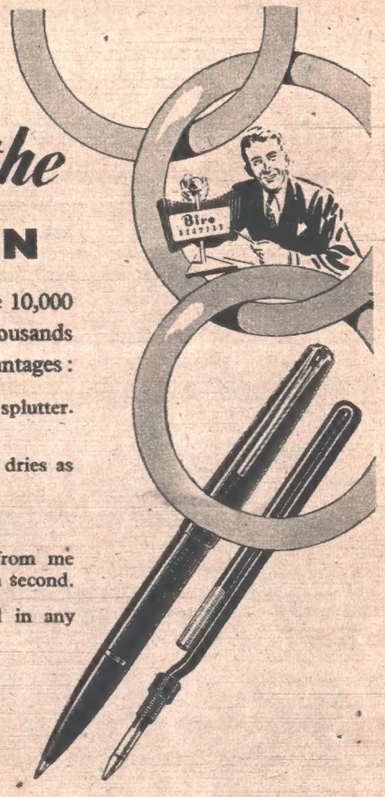

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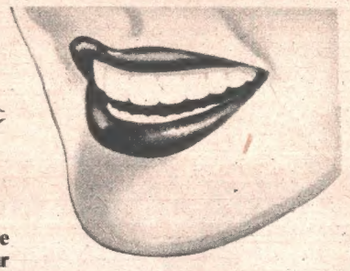

Run your tongue round your teeth . . . notice a rough woolly feeling? That's acid fur threatening your teeth. To correct acid many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia'* contained only in one toothpaste — Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Try Phillips' today. Notice how clean your teeth feel—such a nice taste left in the mouth. You'll soon be proud of your 'magnesia smile'.

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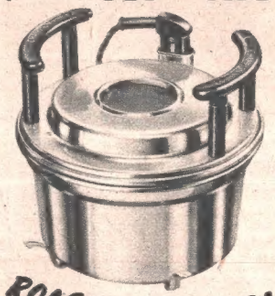

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TITO *versus* STALIN

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

Tito looks like keeping up his defiance of Stalin, and Stalin doesn't seem to be able to do much about it. We can now see this as a shattering blow to the Kremlin's "infallibility"

Tito is now not Kremlin pawn but solitary knight. Some thought Stalin would wipe him off board

WHEN IN JUNE of last year the violent quarrel between Marshal Tito of Jugoslavia and the Cominform burst upon an astonished and bewildered world, the almost universal impulse was to play it down.

That impulse sprang partly from an exaggerated fear of wishful-thinking and partly from a muddled conviction of the infallibility of the Kremlin—a state of mind which the Kremlin carefully fosters as one of its most valuable assets.

At any rate, the general tendency over here was to discount the gravity of the quarrel. It seemed too good to be true; and if it was true, then it must be less important than it seemed.

The most determined sceptics—and not only the sort of people who fatuously pride themselves on never being taken in and usually end up by taking themselves in—went about saying that the whole affair was a put-up job. It was, they were sure, an obscure and elaborate trap to deceive the non-Communist world.

Even those who know very well that Soviet actions are usually a great deal simpler and more straightforward than they look and that Stalin and his friends are also human beings and capable of human error—even these could not bring themselves to believe that the quarrel was exactly what it seemed to be, that Tito was in fact standing up to Stalin and that Stalin, short of declaring war on Jugoslavia, could do nothing decisive about it.

Instead, it was generally agreed that one of three things would happen: either Tito would recant, or else he would be thrown out or assassinated by those of his colleagues and rivals inside Jugoslavia who were ready to take their instructions from Stalin, or else he would be broken by economic sanctions applied by Stalin through the Cominform. None of these things has yet happened.

Far from recanting, Tito has stuck to his guns and, in his public speeches and his correspondence with the Kremlin and his late colleagues of the Cominform, given as good as he got. The anti-Tito Communists in Jugoslavia have so far failed to seduce the mass of the people from their great wartime hero. And although economic sanctions have been applied, first by the refusal of the Cominform countries to supply Jugoslavia with much-needed goods, more recently by Russia herself, Tito has so far managed, though very hard hit, to keep his country going.

Truth Above Fidelity?

All the time, regardless of the sledge-hammer denunciations of the Kremlin and the jackal fury of his Communist neighbours, above all Dimitrov of Bulgaria, Tito has continued to proclaim his absolute fidelity to the Communist cause and his fundamental loyalty to Moscow. "No one disputes the authority of the Soviet Communist Party. No one in his right mind can deny its past and present rôle. But authority is not everything—truth is above authority."

It is as though a medieval heretic, excommunicated by the pope, had proclaimed to the world that he was more Roman than the pope.

Yet so successful were we in resisting the temptation to regard this affair as a real setback for the Kremlin that even now, getting on for a year after the beginning of the quarrel, we still have not realized the significance of what's going on.

What is going on, from the point of view of the Moscow Communist, is nothing less than a demonstration of the impossible; and this demonstration has produced a situation which was provided for neither by Marx nor by Lenin, nor even by Stalin. For the first time in its history a system of political thought (the Leninist-Marxist system) which stakes everything on its scientific accuracy in foreseeing all contingencies and providing for them in advance, which indeed depends for its whole existence on this capacity, is found wanting.

It did not foresee Tito, or anything like Tito; and now, faced with the unforeseen, it has lost its sureness of touch.

For us, with our habit of taking life as it comes, there may seem nothing to write home about in the Kremlin's failure to predict an obscure revolt on the extreme edge of its ideological empire. For the Kremlin, however, it verges on the calamitous.

"The power of the Marxist-Leninist theory," it is written in the sacred book of Communism, the *Short History of the Communist Party*, "lies in the fact that it enables the Party to find the right orientation in any situation, to understand the inner connection of events, to foresee their course, and to perceive not only how and in what direction they are developing in the present but also how and in what direction they are bound to develop in future." That is a first article of faith.

In the past many things have happened in the world which neither Marx nor Lenin foresaw, but so far it has invariably been possible to explain such happenings (for example, the bloodless social revolution in England) by putting a false interpretation on them, pretending they are what they are not, or attributing to them the wrong causes.

It's Not in the Book

About Tito, however, there is no possible ambiguity. His revolt cannot be explained away and there is no provision for it in the sacred theory, which is thus found wanting.

The Tito revolt has occurred, moreover, at the very moment when the general world situation may be seen (if your eyes are made that way) to conform remarkably closely with the prophecies of Lenin—at the very moment, that is to say, when everything may be seen as going Stalin's way, when, in Molotov's words, "all roads are leading to Communism," when the convinced Marxist might very well imagine that all he has to do is to sit back and play his cards quietly and carefully to bring the world revolution, with its supreme headquarters in Moscow, very close indeed.

With Western Europe on the edge of bankruptcy, with the swarming millions of Asia, the submerged nine-tenths of

Dimitrov of Bulgaria (finger raised) with Cominform Poles. He is probably Tito's worst enemy these days

the world, unmistakably on the march, with capitalist America frightened out of her wits by the growth of the Communist movement, plunging in every direction in her efforts to restore stability and hold the capitalist line, with Tito's Jugoslavia, Gottwald's Czechoslovakia, Dimitrov's Bulgaria, Groza's Rumania, Bierut's Poland, and Mao Tse's China all forming the vanguard of the advancing world revolution—with all this taking place very much according to plan, the Marxists seemed to be sitting very pretty indeed.

Cloud in Marxist Sky

Suddenly there appeared in the sky a small cloud, which changed into a looming question-mark. And the question, which none of the Marxists had ever asked, was this: What happens to the world revolution when in one of the vanguard countries nationalism and the personal power of its leaders begin to set their own irresponsible ambitions above the smooth development of the world-wide process of which it is supposed to form a faithful part?

Nobody knew the answer to that question. Nobody had thought of it. Stalin did not know: he had not thought of it. Neither Marx nor Lenin had thought of it before him. Not even Tito knew—and, indeed, there are signs that the good orthodox Marxist in Tito was rather appalled by his own temerity in forcing a situation for which Marxism had no answer.

At first the Cominform, headed by the late Andrei Alexandrovitch Zhdanov, thought all it had to do was to excommunicate Tito, who would promptly drop down dead. Zhdanov was so used to the effectiveness of his threats, threats with all the power of a vast and ruthless police-state behind them, that it probably never occurred to him that, once spoken to, Tito could ever raise his head again. And so he spoke. And nothing happened.

Very well, then, Tito had to be broken—and in the most economical way. He had to be exposed to the full blast of popular disapproval in his own country and throughout the "new democracies." So the denunciation was made public, and the "new democracies" rose to the occasion by outdoing Zhdanov in his vituperation, especially Dimitrov's Bulgaria, which had its own quarrel with Tito (not at all a Marxist quarrel, but an old-style power quarrel about whether Bulgaria or Jugoslavia was to be the headquarters of a Balkan federation).

Only Tito's own people refused to join in.

Soon after that, Zhdanov died, leaving the problem quite unsolved, leaving his Moscow colleagues to sort out their ideas and try to discover first a label for the Tito situation by virtue of which it could be fitted in to the Leninist-Marxist doctrine and thus explained away, and then a means of getting rid of Tito without going to war about it.

They are still trying.

In a brilliant and entertaining broadcast, A. J. P. Taylor recently compared Tito with Henry VIII of England. Just as Henry had revolted against the pope, secured by his own army and the support of patriotic Englishmen, so Tito has revolted against Stalin, the pope of the twentieth-century secular religion, "the only dynamic religion of our time," secured by his own police and the support of patriotic Serbs.

It was a valuable and illuminating comparison. By clearing away the Marxist verbiage which obscures the crux of the dispute, it put both Tito and Stalin into focus and brought the quarrel down to earth by showing its connections with ordinary human emotions, such as anger, jealousy, patriotism and the lust for power.

All this was desirable. There is no doubt at all that one of the mainsprings of the affair is Stalin's anger with Tito for disputing his authority and his inability to purge him in the Soviet manner.

Won His Own Spurs

The reason why Tito cannot be purged, like another Trotsky, is that Stalin's police cannot get at him. The reason why he cannot be deposed at a word from Moscow, like almost all the other leaders of the satellite states, is that Tito, although trained in Russia, won his position in Jugoslavia during the war by his own efforts and, with the patriots who supported him, drove out the Germans without Red Army help.

The governments of all the other satellite states were imposed on those countries by Moscow — and can be removed by Moscow at will. Tito's government, on the other hand, was a natural growth with its roots deep in the hearts of millions of Jugoslavs.

But although the comparison with Henry VIII makes a good deal clear that is otherwise obscure, it tends also to diminish the size of the ideological crisis. And while it brilliantly lights up the personalities of Stalin and Tito, it tells us little about the real importance of the Tito revolt within the framework of world revolution.

It may seem to some that I am making too much of the abstract and theoretical aspects of this revolt. But it seems to me impossible to make too much of these, and for this reason:

The Communist dynamic, based on the deliberate and calculated exploitation by the Kremlin of world-wide dissatisfaction with the conditions of life, owes the greater part of its strength to its logic, to the fact that it has behind it a theory of history, of the development of mankind, which is attractive, plausible and partly true.

Russia Minus Communism

When we say that we are afraid of Russia what we mean is that we are afraid of Russian-controlled Communism. For without the dynamic idea, or religion of Communism, Russia is nothing to be afraid of. Seen simply as a Great Power playing the Great Power game with the usual Great Power weapons she is weaker than she is strong.

In other words, if the ideological aspects of the Tito quarrel are really unimportant, that can only be because the Kremlin itself is uninterested in them, save as a smokescreen.

But if the Kremlin is uninterested in its own proclaimed ideology, except as a smokescreen, this means that the Kremlin itself must lack the very dynamic which appears to be its greatest strength and is in fact thinking purely in terms of Great Power opportunism—in which case it is infinitely less formidable, though a great deal more evil, than it has hitherto seemed.

If, on the other hand, as I believe the Kremlin is really a prisoner of its own ideology, the Leninist-Marxist ideology, depending upon it as a guide to action and an inexhaustible source of moral strength, then any serious blow to the basis of that ideology must have the effect of an earthquake. And in my opinion Tito's revolt has inflicted just such a blow.

Until now the best theorists in the Bolshevik movement have concentrated on working out the strategy and tactics of the extension of the world revolution—strategy and tactics arising from the Leninist-Marxist appreciation of the world situation. The situation, that is to say, of a world dominated by capitalism in its imperialistic stage.

But, as far as I know, none of the theorists has given a thought to what might happen in a country already won for Communism and thus, in theory, marching shoulder to shoulder with fellow Communists everywhere under the banner of the senior revolutionary government—that is, the Soviet Government. Nobody.

And so what Tito has done has been to inject an entirely new and complicating element into a grossly oversimplified pattern, completely upsetting that pattern. Everybody knew very well that under Bolshevism personal and national ambition did not disappear.

So long as Bolshevism was confined to one country with only one police force this did not matter. The strongest man won, and his rivals were dismissed as individual heretics. But with the spread of Bolshevism to other countries with their own national traditions, the suppression of heretics who were also national leaders was not so easy.

Imagine, for instance, how silly Stalin would look if America turned Communist tomorrow! Who would be the leader then?

What is more, the conflict between Stalin and such nationalist leaders (so far only Tito) brings out into the open one of the inherent contradictions in the whole Marxist set-up—the contradiction between theoretical voluntary co-operation and practical despotism.

The Disguise Wears Thin

Again, everybody knew that Russia, as the headquarters of world revolution, was also concerned with the aggrandisement of Russia as a State. But this could be disguised in revolutionary jargon. The aggrandisement of Russia was identical with the aggrandisement of Communism.

Tito's quarrel, springing largely from Tito's own ideas about the aggrandisement of Jugoslavia (which should equally be identical with the aggrandisement of Communism) brings out into the open the purely imperial aspects of Soviet policy, exposing another contradiction—between theoretical brotherhood among nations and the practical hegemony of one.

Thus, although I do not in the least suggest that any spectacular results may be expected from Tito's defiance, what I do suggest is that it is the beginning of a process which may well have the most far-reaching results.

By the exposure of the inherent contradictions within the Leninist-Marxist system, no less real than the inherent contradictions in the capitalist system, which are supposed to lead to its inevitable downfall, Tito has started a rot.

The formidable thing about Communism has always been its theoretical purity, its explanation of all things in terms of Marxism and its rejection of the human, as distinct from the economic, motive-power behind the development of history.

The more the pure idea of Marxism is allowed to degenerate and become indistinguishable from the traditional way of the world, the less sure its grip will become. And Tito, by behaving like a human being, has unconsciously started a rot which seems to me likely to continue even if, in the end, Stalin manages to break him.

THE ALL-IN HEALTH CENTRE

Anything from T.B. to ingrowing toenails is treated under one roof. It's a model for the countrywide chain to come

by FENNER BROCKWAY

FIFTY YEARS AGO, a young medical student at Guy's Hospital was sent to a maternity case in Eskett Street, Bermondsey. Though it was midwinter, there was no fire in the house. There was no washing place; water had to be drawn from a stand-pipe at the other end of the court. There was one outside w.c. which served twenty-five houses.

The student was horrified that a child should be brought into the world in such conditions.

He was a brilliant student, perhaps as brilliant as any who has ever passed through our medical schools. When he graduated it was with triple first-class honours. A medical career of unlimited possibilities was open to him. He began it with an appointment as bacteriologist at the Lister Institute.

But Alfred Salter could not forget Eskett Street. What was the use of devoting his life to the treatment of individual cases of ill-health if social conditions persisted in which good health did not have a chance?

Poor Man's Doctor

He turned his back on a medical career in high places. He became a poor man's doctor in Bermondsey, dedicating himself to the service of victims of bad conditions and to the creation of good conditions.

From 1900 until his death in 1945, Dr. Salter lived and worked in Bermondsey. He helped make it the most progressive borough in the country for slum clearance, rehousing and public health. He laid the foundations of a health centre which may now serve as a model for all the new centres which are to be established throughout the country.

It was a long job, and in the early days a disheartening one. When he began his work there was one case of tuberculosis in every three houses. There were many houses where from four to eight cases were reported within a few years. There were as many as 250 deaths from the disease each year. Though the Medical Officer of Health, Dr. King Brown, was constantly spurring the council to action, next to nothing was done to rehouse the slum population or provide health services.

First Step: New Homes

At the end of the first World War, Salter was elected to the council and his wife became mayor. They made up for lost time. They set out to put two-thirds of the people into new homes and to bring to every sick person the best aid known to medical science. Above all, they determined to fight tuberculosis.

In the spring of 1924, Dr. Rollier, superintendent of the sanatorium at Leysin, 4,500 feet up in the Swiss mountains, lectured at Guy's on the new sun-ray treatment. His audience included Dr. Salter, Dr. Brown and Dr. Connan, Bermondsey's new tuberculosis officer. They were so impressed that they travelled to Leysin to see for themselves. They came back determined to set up in Bermondsey the first municipal solarium.

The council, on their recommendation, bought a house in Grange Road, installed equipment for treatment by artificial sunlight and invited the doctors in the borough to send along not only patients suffering from tuberculosis, but those who seemed likely to get it. The sunshine of the Mediterranean was brought to the slums of Bermondsey.

Children especially were blessed by it.

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Bermondsey Centre is a family affair: no formality, no queueing

Inside a large pen thirty-four toddlers played with indiarubber animals, while all round, ultra-violet lamps poured on them healing rays. In another room babies slept in a row of cots under the health-giving light. In the hall older children marched round the lamps on tracks marked on the floor, not an inch of their bodies escaping the rays.

Adults also came in large numbers; 250 patients attended each day. It was soon found that they benefited enormously. They put on weight, acquired a healthy colour and in most cases threw off the danger of the disease.

Dr. Salter himself had been threatened with tuberculosis when a student and had received sanatorium treatment. In Bermondsey it was his practice to sleep in an open-air sleeping shelter in his garden. He now got the council to provide similar shelters for consumptive patients and many of them began to sleep out of doors.

There were a few cases, however, which did not respond either to artificial sunlight or to open-air treatment: cases where bones and spines and glands had became diseased. Salter would not accept defeat even in these extreme instances. He persuaded the council to send them to the Leysin Sanatorium in Switzerland, where six beds were permanently reserved for Bermondsey patients.

The result of the double-front war on tuberculosis—rehousing and health treatment—was remarkable. In ten years the number of new cases and of deaths from the disease was nearly halved. Salter looked forward to the day when the scourge would be swept from the borough.

The solarium was only one of the many health services which Bermondsey Council was by now providing. There were maternal and child-welfare clinics, ante-natal clinics, dental clinics, foot clinics. But these were scattered all over the borough in ordinary dwelling houses. A centre was needed where all activities could be organized under one roof. And, in November, 1936, the Health Centre was opened.

Within a few years we shall probably have health centres in every town and borough in the country. They are to be a part of the new National Health Service and already are being built on the large housing estates. Aneurin Bevan has appointed a special committee to inquire what the new health centres should be like.

Modern and Homely

I hope the members of the committee will visit the Bermondsey centre. I have just been there. Let me tell you what I found.

Bermondsey lies in a backwash of London, hidden between the bend in the Thames below London Bridge and the Old Kent Road. Though there is relief in the trees which line every street and promise in the new housing projects which are under way, the first impression of Bermondsey is bound to be one of devastation. Indeed, the population was reduced by half through wartime destruction.

But in Grange Road, amid typically drab desolation, there comes the sudden surprise of an impressive and beautiful building. It is the health centre. It is modern in its simple, diagonal lines, and the brown brickwork removes any cold, institutional effect. The interior is restful, reassuring.

There is no hospital atmosphere here; no impersonal instructions, no queues, no long periods of waiting. Everybody comes by appointment and is an individual; there could not be greater consideration in Harley Street. The patients are at home. The centre belongs to them, and they are conscious of it.

Like so many British institutions, it has not been built on clear-cut principles; it has grown from experience, almost illogically.

More Than a Hospital

It is not a hospital, for there are no resident patients. It is not merely a centre for diagnosis, for it also provides treatment. It goes beyond the functions of hospitals, clinics and consulting rooms, for it is a propagandist centre for healthy living.

Its record is comprehensive and triumphant. The work of the infant clinic has brought down Bermondsey's infantile mortality rate from 169 at the beginning of the century to thirty-nine two years ago.

The ante-natal clinic has coped with bigger obstacles. A few years ago, pregnant women were shy of examinations and advice. But in Bermondsey, the friendly spirit of the doctor and her staff and the value of their guidance are appreciated so much that ninety-nine per cent of the prospective mothers in the borough attend. During one recent year, every mother who gave birth to a baby in Bermondsey had visited the clinic.

Bermondsey was the first borough to have a foot clinic. Corns, bunions and ingrowing toenails may not be mortal, but they cause untold discomfort and a health centre must not ignore them.

The specialist in charge of the ear,

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"Tim," cried Mary. "What on earth have you got there?" One squeak out of the bag and all would be lost, thought Lieutenant Jason

Saving their bacon

by ***DOROTHY BLACK***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

When a man's in love with his colonel's daughter, and one bright idea of his is severely frowned on, he's liable to try another in desperation

"THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, SIR," said the colonel, "is that you are too damned inventive. No soldier under the rank of field marshal should be as full of bright ideas as you are. Bright ideas in the wrong place, Jason, are like groundsel in the garden."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Jason stiffly.

He liked his colonel. He hoped to marry his colonel's daughter. Indeed, they were just waiting for a propitious moment to lay the project before him, and then he, Tim Jason, had to go and do a fool thing like this. Yet it had seemed a marvellous wheeze at the time.

"To go to the fancy dress dance as your sister was a regrettable breach of good taste," said the colonel. "But to carry it to the length of a flirtation with the general. . . ."

"I didn't know the general was as sweet on my sister as all that, sir."

"Quite," said the colonel acidly. "I gather you have—er—engaged her to this gentleman—by proxy."

"Yes, sir." Gulping, Lieutenant Jason laid on the desk a handsome gold signet ring, bearing the coat of arms of Sir Chatterley Willburton, K.C.B. His picture glowered down on them in the best military tradition from a handsome gold frame on the wall behind the colonel's chair. A shudder went down the lieutenant's spine as he met that painted eye.

George, the junior subaltern, and his close friend, had remarked on seeing that picture:

"There—but for the price of gin—go I, old boy!" But that was by the way.

"A disgraceful affair!" went on the colonel. "You have put me in the unpleasant position, Jason, of having to break it to the general that he has been made a fool of. Full generals don't like being made fools of. This sort of thing is going to do you no good, you know."

"It went much farther than I intended it to, sir. I thought everyone knew my sister, Constance, was in Rome, engaged to the military attaché. . . . It was in *The Times*, sir."

"The general must have missed it that morning. Well, let this be the last time you indulge your inventive genius."

"Does the general know who it was . . . ?" said Lieutenant Jason, and gulped again.

"He does not. Nor, if I can help it, will he do so. I am not anxious it should be known," said the colonel unkindly, "that I pick my junior officers with so little discretion! Good morning!"

Well, that was one way not to make an impression on the man whose daughter you hoped to marry, thought Lieutenant Jason, leaning against the wall of the passage, limp as a starched collar in a tropical climate. Never again, he thought. That's the end of it. From now on, I devote myself to my career. And to Mary. Mary had been in on the joke—at least, the beginning of it. She had lent him the dress. . . . But forget it!

He telephoned her at once.

"It's all right, darling. Your father was pretty mad, but it's over now, and never again. No, he didn't even stop my weekend leave. I'm going home this

afternoon to help steer my old mum through a garden fête, but I'll be back in time for the picnic on Monday. How could I possibly forget, darling."

He walked along to the mess for breakfast, whistling happily. Just behind him came Colonel Cottar, with the major, who said:

"Now, there's a young man who will go far."

"That young man," said the colonel shortly, "will go a damn sight *too* far, if he doesn't take care." They seated themselves at the breakfast table, and the colonel gave a groan. "What? Powdered egg omelette again! Gad, what wouldn't I give for some honest to God bacon and egg. That's what's wrong with the country, sir. The Englishman's breakfast is no longer what it was, and everything else follows suit."

Next evening, as the church bells rang over the quiet summer fields, Jason looked into the office, where the junior subaltern had been on duty all day.

"Hist, George! Come out to the garage. I've something to show you!"

He carried something that appeared to be struggling, in a mackintosh.

The garage was empty, owing to Lieutenant Jason's having had to sell his car to pay for his bicycle. The bundle, deposited gingerly on the cement floor, became very much animated, and presently launched a pig. It was quite a good sized pig, pink and chubby.

WITH simple pride, Lieutenant Jason said: "I bowled for it, and won it. For some time the local blacksmith ran neck and neck with me, but I drew ahead in the last round. We'll fatten it, and have it cured, and then, old boy, bacon. Real bacon, such as the old man's soul longs for. That will put me into his good books if anything will. A son-in-law who can produce at will unlimited bacon, these days, is not to be sneered at!"

"I say, that's good!" said the junior subaltern enthusiastically. "Count me in on this. I'll help you feed him."

"We must keep it a dead secret, till we're ready to burst it on them in all its magnificence."

"You don't suppose someone will smell——?"

"That'll be all right, you'll find. We'll clean out the place at night, and feed it when no one is around. It's pretty fat already. We needn't keep it more than a week or so. The great thing is not to get fond of it. I remember in India my people got a sheep from the local mutton club they ran. My poor mother became so passionately attached to it that lamb chops were out of the question."

The pig had retreated into the far corner of the garage, from where it watched them with a crafty eye.

"The first thing we must do is to square Parker. He'll have to be in on this, too, for we shall need help and advice. Leave it to me, old boy. The great thing is to break it to him tactfully. Parker is a moody sort of chap."

Private Parker spent a sad life spitting on leatherwork in a passage, and ironing uniforms with an electric iron that never got really hot.

"Know anything about pigs, Parker?" asked Lieutenant Jason, casually. A good opening gambit, he congratulated himself.

"Funny thing you should ask me that, sir," said Parker, with no more than his usual gloom. "I've just been getting the forms for my people in Cumberland. They plan to fatten one up for Christmas, sir. We're all partial to pork."

"Forms?" said Lieutenant Jason, wilting a little. "Do you mean to say. . . ?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. Keeping pigs is no simple matter." From his tunic

Continued on next page

No heavy levers to haul, but it's still arduous work for the man with

TRAINS AT HIS FINGERTIPS

by RICHARD COLLIER

GORDON STEBBING'S FRIENDS call him "General." Gordon modestly says that it stands for "general nuisance"—but the nickname isn't so far-fetched as one might imagine.

A railway signalman has to plan ahead and make quick decisions. The quarter-mile of lines and points that make up Gordon's section represents his plan of campaign.

At forty-eight, Gordon has graduated the hard way to the Mecca most signalmen dream of but few ever achieve—the Victoria central signal-box. Lying at the foot of Platform 17, it is the control point for all trains that pass through Victoria's central section.

The central signal-box is the nearest approach yet devised to a foolproof system of signalling—the colour-light system.

Trains that pass through the central section during Gordon's eight-hour shift pass over a track-joint in the rails. As soon as a train enters a section a coloured light springs up on the corresponding section of the diagram.

By pulling the appropriate lever—a red lever for signals and shunts, a black lever for points—Gordon not only gives the train the "clear" but wipes the light from his diagram at the same time. As soon as that happens he knows the signal outside is showing green.

Gordon's career "at the frame" began in 1917, when he started work as a porter-signalman at the old Clapham Road Station—four hours on the platform, four hours in the box.

Among things Gordon had to learn later as a full-time signalman were the protection of trains, block signalling, single line working and emergency codes. In many signal-boxes, trains are still announced by a bell-ring in code.

After twenty-five years on the ordinary "manual frame," where a signalman operates by hand every lever—each is three feet six inches high and has a heavy resistance pressure—Gordon knows all the answers.

Gordon Stebbing's 130-odd levers control 245 trains daily at Victoria

Tea Had to Wait

The number of levers varies with the importance of the box. Small country signal-boxes normally have seven to the frame, although a signal-box adjacent to points may have as many as fourteen. Outside a big terminus the average section will probably extend for more than a mile.

In the more important boxes there are likely to be three men on the job, operating as many as 269 levers between them. Gordon says: "I can remember the time when I'd make a cup of tea during the rush period and set it right down by my elbow. But it'd probably be an hour before I even had time to take a sip."

The new colour-light signal-box, where no lever is more than two inches high and the resistance pressure is negligible, came into being about twenty years ago. Its object was to remove one of the biggest causes of railway accidents: tiredness due to pulling heavy levers; hearing strained through listening for bell signals.

A signalman's pay depends on his grade. Gordon, who works in power-operated boxes, earns a basic wage of £6 15s. a week.

Ranging from One to Five, a signalman's grade is determined not by the number of levers he controls but by the number of "marks" attained—that is, the average number of times he moves the levers every hour. Extra marks are granted for logging trains where staff is short and for operating a turn-wheel at a level crossing.

The central signal-box at Victoria has 275 levers. Gordon, during his eight-hour spell of duty, is in charge of roughly half of these. Some 800 trains pass through the central section every day, and Gordon reckons that he "pulls off" 245 of them.

The colour-light system is at the moment limited to certain stretches of the electric region, so that most signalmen who take it over after years on the manual frame start at a disadvantage. They forget that their diagram shows them the position of the track; they are continually glancing out of the windows to see whether the train is clear.

Yard Inspector "Bert" Burton, who is in charge of the box's seven signalmen, estimates that it takes from six to nine weeks for an intelligent man to learn the system. The manual frame, with its semaphore system, can usually be mastered in two days.

No Second Thoughts

Before he was allowed to undertake duty on his own, Gordon had to pass a stiff practical test. No questions are asked during these tests; the inspector merely watches the tyro at work under supervision. At the first sign of hesitation he is failed. If that happens the signalman goes on learning until he feels confident enough to apply again. But after he has passed he is re-examined every year.

While Gordon and colleague are actually on duty at the frame there are three other signalmen in the box with them. One of them logs up all through trains; another the local and branch line trains. The third man is the "Mary Ann" man; he sweeps up, cooks meals, relieves everyone in turn for twenty-minute spells while they retire to an inner cubby-hole to eat.

An old superstition that clings to signal-boxes is that if anybody brings fish for tea there will be a "pitch-in"—something will go wrong. Gordon and his pals have repeatedly tried to break the legend but so far without success. Once they had smoked haddock and twenty minutes later a train ran away; someone had failed to fix the handbrake.

"Worse than a Madhouse"

"At times like that," says Gordon, "a signal-box is worse than a madhouse. During the rush-hours you've probably only got a fraction of a second to make up your mind what to do. Are you going to stop one train going out or stop another one coming in? Hundreds of lives may depend on your decision."

Gordon complains that the heavy physical strain of the manual frame is more than equalled by the intense mental concentration required by the colour-light system.

He says: "During the rush-hours and on bank holidays you hardly dare move away even to get a meal. It isn't safe to lose touch with the diagram for a second."

For that reason, Gordon, who is married and lives at Bromley, in Kent, spends most of his spare time sleeping.

The public may grumble because of train services and unaccountable delays. All the same, says Gordon, the signalman really *is* a public servant. "There's not much he ever gets time to do, apart from seeing that trains come in on time and go out on time."

SAVING THEIR BACON

Continued from previous page

pocket he produced a sheaf of buff paper. "Here you are, sir. First you need to acquire—and peruse—form 44975 stroke 5214 stroke 348 stroke 514100, sir. 'Self-supplier of Pig scheme. Part one, declaration by owner.'"

"But supposing," said the junior subaltern, "that one already *has* the pig."

"Oh, you won't get away with that, sir. You *can't* have the pig. Not without this form. If you don't have *this* form, you won't ever be able to get the *next* one, which is 'Licence to Slaughter.' To get the licence to slaughter you must have conformed with all the regulations on *this* form which I'm telling you about."

Parker began to read the forms out aloud. "'Where purchased, date of purchase, etc. See note *e*. The pig will be regularly fed and tended by me. See note *c*. Fed means served with food at feeding time. It does not mean sending or bringing food for some *other* person to feed the pig.'"

Parker paused to explain. "For instance, sir, it wouldn't be the same thing for you to have a pig, and ask *me* to feed it for you."

"No, of course not. Of course not," said Lieutenant Jason quickly.

"It's got to be absolutely one of the family," said the junior subaltern. "The great levelling process, as it were. . . ."

"'Once acquired,'" Parker read on, "'the pig will be regularly inspected. The pig must be kept not less than four months by its owner, once acquired. Form 61864 WT stroke 44936 sets forth the various regulations appertaining together with penalties for any infringement. . . .'"

"Did you say penalties?" Lieutenant Jason's voice quavered a little.

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, well. Thanks a lot, Parker. We were just interested. It's a good thing to know something about some of the various regulations that hem us in, is it not, Parker."

"Yes, sir."

PARKER stared after them, scratching his head. "Now what!" he mused, returning to his lukewarm iron.

Back at the mess, the junior subaltern said, "Too complicated, old boy. Far too complicated."

"Yes," agreed Lieutenant Jason. "We've bitten off more than we can chew, old chap. We'll have to rake up a meal for the brute tonight, somehow, or it will raise the neighbourhood. Tomorrow we will get rid of it."

"But without 'Licence to Slaughter.'"

"Leave it all to me. I'll think of something," said Lieutenant Jason.

He was busy mixing cocoa, bread, porridge and anything else he could find, in a bucket. They carried it to the garage, where it was enthusiastically received by the pig.

"Now," said Lieutenant Jason, "we must get down to breakfast early, before parade, taking paper bags, and get some scraps for its breakfast."

"You don't suppose anyone will. . .?" said the junior subaltern uneasily.

"Why should they?" said Lieutenant Jason. "All we have to do now, is keep our heads, and get rid of it quietly, some time tomorrow after lunch. It means I'll have to give up the Cottar's picnic and I promised Mary . . . damn. This pig is going to ruin everything for me!"

They were both down to breakfast before anyone else. Lieutenant Jason had his plans all ready.

"Listen, old boy. This is what we must do. Feed the animal this morning to keep it quiet, and then, after lunch, take it across the river and let it go. It will be found wandering, no doubt, but no one will connect it in any way with ourselves. I hope. Positively the last thing I want to do at this moment, is to be mixed up with anything, and yet at the outset it appeared to be such a good idea!"

"But how," asked the junior subaltern, who was practical, "do you propose to get the pig over the river. In broad daylight, old boy."

"I happen," said Lieutenant Jason, "to have an old cricket bag. I have thought it all out rather carefully. The band will be practising from two-thirty on, in case the pig is vocal, as it were."

The pig was not only vocal, it was agile. It took them much longer than they had anticipated to catch it and put it into the cricket bag. Once incarcerated, the silence was so complete that Lieutenant Jason peered anxiously through the air holes they had thoughtfully made.

"I say, I believe it's fainted!"

"Well, it can't be helped," said the junior subaltern. "This is no time to get sympathetic, old boy. Did you square Mary about the picnic?"

"Yes. I told her we were both on unexpected duty, firing at the range. Gosh, this thing is heavy."

The barracks were pleasantly situated on the hill, looking over wide meadows to a small wood, beyond which twisted the silver ribbon of the river. They had some difficulty in getting the bag over the stile at the bottom of the fields.

"Easy does it, old boy!" said the junior subaltern. They deposited it on the ground, leapt lightly over the stile, and then stopped dead.

The wood beyond was beautiful, carpeted with bluebells, and loud with birdsong and the singing of the kettle over which Mrs. Cottar, the colonel's wife, crouched, feeding a small, neat fire with twigs. Mary, enchanting in a pink frock, was unpacking the picnic hamper.

"Tim!" said Mary, astonished. "I thought you were both firing at the range. And what on earth have you got in that bag!"

"Our bathing things," said the junior subaltern brightly. "The firing was off. So we thought—we thought we'd have a bathe in the river, down there, you know. And join you later."

The pig remained mercifully silent. One squeak, thought Lieutenant Jason, and all is lost. Also he hated the way that the colonel's wife was regarding the bag, and he would have been still more uneasy had he heard her remark as they went off through the wood:

"Mary, mark my words, those boys are up to something again!" Mary watched them uneasily out of sight. Tim wouldn't again—not so soon, she thought unhappily. He had promised her faithfully. But the sun didn't seem so warm any more, or the bluebells so lovely.

The young men crossed the river by the stepping-stones. To make things doubly sure, they went some way down the opposite bank before releasing the captive. The pig, emptied unceremoniously out on to the grass, appeared to have little interest in its sudden freedom. It just lay there.

"Let's get going," said Lieutenant Jason feverishly. "I don't like the way it looks at us."

"Well. Your bathe didn't take you long," said Mrs. Cottar, as they arrived.

"We thought after all it was a bit cold," said the junior subaltern, and coughed, in an effort to suggest delicate health. Mrs. Cottar looked at the cricket bag, which had seemed extremely bulky and heavy. It was now entirely deflated. Her woman's intuition warned her, but she could not be quite sure against what.

The picnic was a success, but with an odd air of restraint—a something in the wind. On the way home Lieutenant Jason managed to drop behind with Mary, who was worried.

"Tim, I'm sure something is the matter. It's nothing to do with that silly fancy dress dance, it is?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing, darling. I swear it."

"There's something, I know. You're worried."

"I was. But everything is all right now. Honestly, darling. You must try to trust me."

They kissed fondly.

"As soon as ever your father has simmered down a bit I'll speak to him—we'll speak to him," whispered Lieutenant Jason. He returned to his quarters to change for mess, refreshed and rejuvenated. Half way through his bath, came a tap on the door.

"Tim!"

"Hallo!"

"I say, bad news. The pig's back."

"Back where?"

"Snuffling under the garage door. Lured back by hopes of a meal, I suppose. Can you come!"

"God!" said Lieutenant Jason, dressing with the speed of despair. "What on earth are we to do now?"

"Kill it," said the junior subaltern laconically.

"But what about 'Licence to Slaughter'?"

"We can't bother about details like that in a jam like this. If the colonel hears of it, the penalties will be something to shout about."

"How on earth do you kill a pig, anyway?"

"I have no idea. We'll have to shoot it. I've got hold of a Mauser. Then, after dinner tonight, we'll come along and bury the damn thing."

"The shot will be heard."

"If it is, they'll only think it's another poacher. Things are getting too hot. Parker was sculling around just now, looking a bit suspicious, I thought."

Dew made a grey carpet of the meadow, as they hurried back to the wood again. The pig was becoming quite trained to the bag. It went in without a murmur. When they emptied it out, it seemed inert and uninterested in the proceedings.

"Prop it up against the tree," said the junior subaltern.

"It's really too young to die," said Lieutenant Jason, looking reluctant.

"Don't be sloppy, old boy. This is no time for idle sentiment. Stand clear."

Maybe the pig had not found life so sweet that it was loth to leave it. It did not struggle, and the junior subaltern finished it off with one shot.

"I wish," said the junior subaltern with a shudder, "that it did not look so like my Aunt Sonia. Here you are. Cover it with these branches and some dead leaves. We'll come down later——"

He stopped dead, listening. "Did you hear anything?" A twig snapped. There was a sound like footsteps slinking by.

"Only a rabbit, old boy. Let's get out of it. The place is getting on my nerves," said Lieutenant Jason. "Never again! Never, never again!"

"Pity it's guest night. Means we shan't get out till pretty late," sighed the junior subaltern.

HE was right. The colonel collared them both for a bridge game that never seemed to end.

But at last they got away. They collected a couple of shovels and crept stealthily from the mess. It was dark in the woods and they had trouble in finding the right spot. When they got there, they peered through the heap of branches, the pile of dead leaves, at the little nest where the pig had lain.

It was empty.

"It's not there. It's gone," shouted Lieutenant Jason, looking both surprised and relieved.

"Not there? Well, that lets us out of that, old boy," said the junior subaltern. "Still, I'd like to know where that pig went."

"I don't care where it went, as long as we don't find it back at barracks."

"Don't be silly, old boy. It was as dead as a doornail."

They hurried back to the barracks and went straight to the garage, left open to air. It was empty, swept and garnished.

"Thank God," breathed Lieutenant Jason. "From now on, I intend to devote myself solely to Mary, and to my duty. The only true way to promotion and the good opinion of one's senior officers, is hard work—not unexpected pork!"

The next day he entered the mess a little late for lunch, but for once got no black looks from the colonel. The colonel was seated, his thumbs in the armholes of his tunic, with the look on his face of a man who has lunched well.

"Come along, my boy. Damn good lunch today," said the colonel. "Pork. Succulent young pork—and crackling. That butcher of ours seems to be excelling himself. Parker, you can tell the butcher, from me, that I am very pleased with him."

Behind the colonel's chair stood Parker, stiff and upright. "Yessir!" he said smartly, staring at the ceiling.

"I never talk about atom bombs here—I don't want to start mass hysteria!"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Funny Side

I WONDER if we're not all getting too serious. I know that for many people things may be pretty grim, but life has more than one facet, and it is a common failing to distort one side at the expense of the whole.

We all do it. We emotionalize and dramatize trivial situations. We create a crisis where none exists. We consistently refuse to distinguish between what really matters and what doesn't.

"The wisdom of life consists in the elimination of non-essentials...." That is one of the wisest thoughts ever penned.

If we fail to enjoy life, I think it is because so few of us take ourselves as we are.

We would feel a lot better if we would only laugh—particularly at ourselves now and again.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

America has a day for it

by ROLAND WILD

Want to glorify Grandma? Celebrate the Doughnut? Pay homage to the Horse? For a full diary go to America

Pram was a symbol when G.I.s observed Mothers' Day in Hyde Park

Los Angeles.

THIS IS National Cherry Week in the United States. I am urged by the National Red Cherry Institute, of South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, to be cherry-minded. It is a crusade, directed at me and 140,000,000 Americans.

The purpose of the Institute, as officially recorded, is "to promote the use of cherries and encourage the baking of cherry pies generally." Unfortunately, I have only just recovered from National Coin Machine Week, Ground Hog Day and National Date Week.

Coin Machine Week had us stirred up and palpitating, longing to search out a coin machine to secure packaged ice, matches, peanuts and cold drinks. It was the first Week for the industry, sponsored by the *Coin Machine Review*, whose editor, Walter Hurd, implored us to remember the charities assisted by the coin machine manufacturers. And I was specifically asked not to confuse genuine coin machines with the one-arm bandits of the gambling resorts.

Ground Hog Day aroused comparatively little emotion. It is listed only as February 2, as if everybody ought to know how to honour the ground hog.

National Date Week found more response. Entire communities in California were persuaded to dress up in Arabian costume for the occasion. Bank managers, store assistants, hotel clerks wore the flowing raiment of the East.

The town of Indio, in Southern California, was threatening dire penalties and fines if any resident was unco-operative enough to ignore the command. Shops were disguised as Arab mosques, and the cinemas showed *Son of the Sheikh*. We escaped from Indio only by promising to wear a beard and a burnous next time.

All this commotion is the result of a little community campaign started in 1922 by a Philadelphia woman, a certain Mrs. Anna Jarvis.

Mrs. Jarvis thought mothers were being neglected by the American public. They got their presents at Christmas and on birthdays, but Mrs. Jarvis thought the whole nation ought to stop, look, and listen to mothers on one day of the year.

Suddenly, the department store owners became fanatically fond of their mothers —and everyone else's mothers. The little organization got itself a New York office and the magic word "Inc." after its name. From Vanderbilt Avenue, it announced that Mothers' Day was to be May 8, and that it should be regarded as an occasion for family homage to mother and the presentation of gifts.

The President of the United States gave it his blessing in a proclamation, and the stage was set for an annual festival that leaves visitors gasping, shop assistants exhausted, and florists dealing with long lines of men remembering their mothers.

America was not slow to catch on to the idea; but as for Presidential proclamations, not even Fathers' Day or Father and Son Week or Grandmothers' Day got one, although in the last-named case the National Federation of Grandmothers, Inc., of Chicago, stated their objects plainly as follows: "To glorify grandmotherhood."

There were other glorifications, the most recent recipient being the doughnut. National Donut Week is sponsored by a New York committee, with the object of "promoting good cheer and good fellowship through dunking." "Dunking" is the practice of dipping one's doughnut in coffee.

It is still possible to spend a relaxed and idle week in the United States without glorifying anything, commemorating anything, or promoting the sales of any product, but it is increasingly difficult.

The Days and Weeks that are celebrated can be divided into four main classes. Class One consists of religious dates and anniversaries. Class Two contains commemorations of national historical events, or local events, such as Bunker Hill Day, a legal holiday in one Massachusetts county only, and Bennington Battle Day, a legal holiday in Vermont.

Raising a Laugh

Then there is Class Three: the Good Purpose Days and Weeks, such as Americanism Week. This "rededicates the interim between Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays to affirm American ideals." This is not to be confused with I Am an American Day, which did rate a Presidential proclamation.

In the same Good Purpose class are Be Kind to Animals Week, and National Dog Week, which "dramatizes men's obligations towards the dog." We might put National Laugh Week in this class, too, since there appears to be no commercial kudos out of the objects of the Laugh Week Foundation, of East 40th Street, New York, when they ask us to "put a smile on the face of America."

There is also U.S.-Canada Goodwill Week, to publicise the unfortified boundary between the two countries. The Kiwanis International, the sponsors, even stage international chess games under the noses of the customs and immigrations officials on the 49th Parallel to prove their point. And there is also Save the Horse Week, "to honour horses (and mules) for what they have meant to this country and the world."

But then comes the fourth class. There's still plenty of honouring, glorification, dedicating and commemorating, but the rattle of the cash register drowns out the sound of drums and bugles.

Along come National Peanut Week and National Letter Writing Week, followed by National Foot Health Week. Hard on its healthy heels are Idaho Potato and Onion Week and Honey for Breakfast Week.

Here's Large Size Week, which we reverently commemorated between Labour Day and Robert E. Lee's Birthday. What is it for? The chain drug stores, of New York, wanted America to pay homage to the "large economy sizes" in all American products to be found in the drug stores. (You get more for your money but you buy more than you need.)

Nobody was going to catch the tea people napping. The Tea Bureau of New York started National Hot Tea Week. The purpose was to "promote the appreciation of hot tea."

But what of the sultry summer months, when the American is not given to the English habit of imbibing hot tea? The Tea Bureau had the answer. From July 1 to 9 the Bureau will give us National Iced Tea Week. In this case the object is, strangely enough, "to promote the appreciation of iced tea."

Backstairs Tour

The American Hotel Association, in National Hotel Week, has the curious ambition of wanting "the general public to view the remote parts of an hotel which are not usually seen." We have that down in our diary for the week before Christmas, an intensive tour round the laundries, boiler rooms and garbage disposal units of the Ritzes of America.

Finally, there is one more mystery Day in the long list of notable events for my diary. It falls on September 15 and is officially labelled Felt Hat Day.

There is no further explanation. I am not told whether to buy a felt hat, steal a felt hat, or throw my felt hat in the air. It is one of the unsolved enigmas of the American calendar.

What's the object of this strange calendar? The answer is in the tills of the florists, and over the counters of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

For the celebration of Saint Valentine, who probably invented the "Day," Western Union has twenty-four suggestions for your emotions, ranging from "Not just today, but all year through, my heart is always close to you" to "At miles between us we can laugh, our hearts entwined by telegraph." The Saint can also be thanked by a Mr. Joyce C. Hall, of Kansas City, who prints one million cards *every day of the year* containing emotional sentiments for the mails.

Throughout the year, there is one day at least in every week devoted to a commercial campaign, and the department store can change its windows four times a month on behalf of some nationally "commemorated" product.

Mutiny Movement

And now it looks as if, at last, the American public may be induced to revolt against such super-salesmanship. For a Mr. F. Lander Moorman, living in Peachtree Street, Douglas, Georgia, appears to have set himself at the head of a vast mutinous movement against Days and Weeks. He is the sponsor of National Leave Us Alone Week to be staged from April 1 to April 8—a significant period.

But in spite of Mr. Moorman, most Americans will probably Swim for Health from June 20 to 25, cram peanuts in their mouths in April, write letters madly during National Letter Writing Week in October, ice their tea in July, watch their posture in National Posture Week, glorify grandmother and the doughnut when instructed—and buy the large economy size.

Traitor's Island

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The betrayal weighed heavily on Webb's mind. Certainly, a man had died for it. But was Augusto just a scapegoat?

WHEN, YEARS AGO, Webb Carr had first seen the Palazzi de Cresti, the Italian island of San Ricci had been occupied by Germans, and he had been sent in as a special agent to contact partisans.

The only member of the proud and ancient family still living there had been Julie, widow of a murdered partisan. Julie, too, had been killed by the enemy—or so he thought—when they had been betrayed.

Now, returning again to San Ricci, this time as London chief of an American legal firm, his mission is to check the authenticity of a priceless Titian painting, the property of the de Cresti family, which has been offered for sale in New York.

He sees Carlo de Cresti, Julie's cousin, a rising young politician, the only surviving male member of the family, who tells him that the painting must have been stolen, and that no de Cresti would ever sell a family heirloom.

Then, while they are talking, Julie appears. At the sight of Webb, she faints. He, no less astonished, learns from her during a walk in the garden that the Germans released her without harm.

When Julie returns to the house, she finds the family waiting for her. Grandmother Francesca de Cresti tells her she must not let her friendship with Webb continue. To further her cousin Carlo's political career she is expected to marry a wealthy young aristocrat.

Carlo urges her to do so—omitting to mention that he is afraid Webb will find out that the painting was not, in fact, stolen, but sold by Carlo himself through an agent, without his grandmother's knowledge.

PART III

Family Ultimatum

JULIE looked at the family, sitting watching her. Trapped, she thought.

"I want to be happy," she murmured more to herself than to them, but her grandmother heard.

"Happiness, Giulia, is the reward for having done one's duty. Because you're young, you think life has a lot to offer. Well, it hasn't. And in the end there is nothing but death. The only way to survive is to bear children who will carry on the tradition of the family."

"Giulietta," said Carlo, and he lifted his hand and pointed towards the row of paintings, "these are your ancestors. They were of noble birth and of noble aims. They didn't consider personal happiness, but their duty towards country and family. They recognized the obligation of their name."

Julie lifted her head to the faces on the wall, the courageous and lonely faces of the men and women who were her ancestors. Some beautiful, some sad, some almost ugly in their expression of iron determination and self-inflicted suffering. Many glorified murderers—or gamblers and rakes and spendthrifts. And some saints. The last of the row, her dead husband Jacopo. He never had a chance, she thought. He knew from the beginning that he was important only as a link in the chain. She looked back at Carlo, who was still talking about the men and women whose blood ran in her veins.

Like Renata, Julie was proud of Carlo, but hers was a different pride—not selfish justification or anticipated fulfillment of ambitious plans. She wanted Carlo's approval of her actions, wanted to keep his friendship beyond any other thing.

Carlo was very well aware of how she felt towards him, and he counted on it. He watched her intently as he continued to speak. He spoke clearly, his low voice ringing out like a bell, his dark eyes shining.

His voice did something to the others present. It put back the colour in his grandmother's face—two round red spots high on her cheekbones. It made Lucretia suddenly less regretful that she had bent to the will of the family, and it filled Renata with the sweet sensation of self-satisfaction. Only Graziella could not be reached by the proud and glamorous words.

From early childhood on, Julie had been in awe of his cleverness. Jacopo, his brother, had been gentle, warm, but never the glamorous figure Carlo presented. She had always admired him, and since her husband's death had more or less considered it her duty to behave according to his wishes, as she would have obeyed Jacopo.

"Giulia," Carlo finished, kneeling beside her where she sat on the taboret, "I cannot force you against your will, but I hope I can trust your loyalty."

"But I do not love Orlando," said Julie.

"Giulia," said Francesca de Cresti, looking straight ahead, her mouth a bitter, thin line, "you loved Jacopo, didn't you? Well, do you expect to be lucky always? You had your share. Now do your duty. I will not stand for this childish talk. I thought you had finally grown up. Good night."

But Carlo, in leaving the room, bent to kiss Julie quickly, tenderly, certain that in the end she would, as always, do what he wanted.

For a long time after everyone had gone, Julie sat there on the low taboret, with the embers falling into feathery ash, mechanically moving the old, yellowing ivory men across the backgammon board in theoretical battle, with the long row of faces of her ancestors staring down at her.

AT the hotel, Webb woke early. He lay flat on his bed, staring out through the open window into a perfect sky. But as he turned his head to watch the reflection of the sunlit water on the ceiling, he saw that the inn was a dirty and poorly kept place. The ceiling was cracked in many spots, and in some the rain had leaked through the roof; it was dark and ugly, and had obviously not been painted for years.

In one corner stood a mousetrap, which he had failed to notice last night, the piece of bait gone, but also empty of the mouse. The sheets between which he lay were fairly clean, but too torn to be worth mending, and the lamp next to his bed had no shade. From the tap no warm water would run, and when the maid finally answered his ring, her surprised eyes and voice made him feel almost ashamed that he had asked for hot water in May.

"Excuse, *signore*, but the hot-water boiler went out of order during the war, we can't get a new one, and there is so little coal and wood that we have to save it for the cooking."

Downstairs he found that it was still too early for the dining-room to be open. The *piazza* outside was a perfect but enlarged reproduction of the *piazzetta* on the island. On his right, a single line of houses and stores ran behind the narrow colonnade, their beaded curtains blowing slightly in the morning breeze. Several cobblestoned paths stretched uphill behind the colonnade, and on both ends of the oblong square were narrow roads.

THE town hall—the *municipio*—with its pink and blue frescoes of saints and heraldic lions, its shutters and doors painted with garlands of imaginary flowers, looked as if it had been set up as a backdrop for a period comedy. He walked quickly past it and between the buildings, which stood so close that he could have touched either side with his outstretched hands. The post office was locked, but finally his insistent knocking brought a man to the door.

"I'd like to send a telegram, a cable to England."

"Who died?" asked the man, showing interest for the first time, and added regretfully that he had no authorization to send wires and that Webb would have to go back to the *piazza*, where, in the telephone office next to the baker's, he would be accommodated.

The office was on the ground floor of a small house facing the lake, and consisted of one telephone booth and a desk, behind which a girl in a black alpaca dress sat manicuring her nails. Webb took the pad and began to write, then crossed it all out. There was no use going into the whole thing.

The obvious contradiction between the dealer's solemn word of honour that the Titian had not been stolen and Carlo de Cresti's assurance that it must have been looted was enough to arouse his suspicions. The more so as he knew that the Titian had never been on the official list of looted art treasures. So finally all he said in the wire was to advise strongly against buying the painting unless the dealer would reveal the name of the previous owner.

He went out to the *piazza* again. People were beginning to erect small booths or simply put up long tables—crude planks across wooden horses—and were unpacking the trunks and baskets in which they brought their wares for the market day. He stood there for a while watching them, and then turned back into the office. The girl had not yet touched his slip of paper. It lay as he had left it on the desk next to the money.

He snatched it up and added: "De Cresti insists it was stolen." To give the dealer a last chance to reveal his professional secret and so perhaps make a sale possible after all, he thought.

He walked back to the restaurant and up the few steps that led directly to the wooden terrace above the water, miraculously shaded by the first tender green leaves of vines, which, he discovered, grew from long wooden boxes placed along the railing. It was those vines which brought Augusto sharply back into his memory. He lifted his head and saw that his table faced south towards the old Roman watch tower.

No, he thought, no. Julie is right. Why stir up the past? It's all over. Augusto betrayed us, and the people pronounced judgement on him and drove him to his death. I didn't choose Augusto; Pietro chose him for us long before Frank and I were ever dropped into the vineyards.

He picked up the handwritten menu, and motioned to the waiter, who stood leaning against the railing watching the square in front of him unfold the familiar excitement of an event repeated through the years so that only the small shades of detail mattered now.

"Well, what can I have?"

"Anything you want, *signore*," the old man said, and he said it proudly, as if he were delighted to announce that his small village had anything Rome could offer. "I can get you anything you want, if you care to pay the price for it."

SUDDENLY he leaned closer, all indifference, all professional servility wiped from his face, his hands clutching at the crude wood of the table and his voice breathless.

"*Il Inglese*," he said. Webb looked up into small, scrutinizing eyes, filled now with the tears of uncontrolled emotion.

"*Il Inglese*," the waiter repeated. "The good Lord and I thought the worms had eaten you a long time ago."

"I don't remember you," said Webb, and thought of the men with whom he had worked.

"I am Luigi," the old waiter said. "Don't you remember Luigi, *signore*? Of course, you don't," he corrected himself, and now, uninvited, pulled out the chair opposite Webb and sat down, his right hand shooting forward to grasp Webb's and holding it in a tight squeeze.

"What an ass I am! You must forgive me. Of course, you can't remember the face of every man you talked to. But you do remember one night, don't you, when a crowd of us gathered on the Sacro Monte and you talked to us? Well, I was there. You talked so simply, you certainly talked well, all of us could understand you, and when you left we said: 'He's right. We mustn't lose faith; we must pull ourselves together, as he said, and fight.' And we did, *signore*, the way you told us to. Husbands left their wives and their children and went into the mountains and. . . ."

He pulled out a large and very dirty handkerchief and blew his nose. He

"I do not love Orlando," Julie said. Her grandmother looked grimly at her. "Do you expect to be lucky always? You had your share. Now do your duty"

was an old man; his face was unshaven and two fingers were missing from his right hand. Webb sat gazing at him, filled with a queer sense of surprised satisfaction.

"How I remember it all," Luigi said, "every bit of those days. We never knew where you came from. Where you were hiding. You seemed to be everywhere, each night at a different place. People used to say you had wings, because you turned up everywhere there was trouble, and some didn't even believe you were real. Mario at one time swore you were an apparition sprung from our own minds, for what good was it that Italy had surrendered and the British and the Americans had landed, when the Germans here were still strangling us?"

He looked up at Webb as if to reassure himself that he was not dreaming now.

"Of course," he went on, "that night when the Germans came, we knew where you had been hiding. They came thundering down into the village and on to the *piazza*, and blocked the entrances, but we thought you'd hear them over there, too. You would have time to get away, for no man would have rowed them across, and most of the boats were in dry dock. But they had those amphibious cars; they never hesitated one second; straight into the lake they drove.

"We watched them. They had rounded us up, all the men in one group right here on the market place, and we watched them going and coming back. Coming back with you in their midst. Ah, *signore*, what a sorry sight."

"So you haven't forgotten," said Webb, and again he was warmed with the feeling that Frank and the others had not died in vain.

"Forgotten," cried Luigi. "Forgotten! Nothing here is ever forgotten. Not the day Luisa bought a cow and took it across the lake, and it drowned, or when Mario fell from the roof and broke his hip. Nothing is ever forgotten here. How could we forget you and that horrible night when all our hopes came crashing down?"

"Or the night you forced Augusto to drown himself."

Luigi drew back, the warmth went out of his eyes, and he said in a changed, calm voice: "No, that isn't forgotten either, *signore*."

Once more Webb looked up and over at the line of the tower rising above the vineyards on the hill, and Luigi turned his head and followed his glance. The sunlight was bright on the water, and from where Webb sat, he could see not only the tower but two women kneeling on small wooden boards, doubled over so that they looked like two squat little animals wading into the water. They were doing the laundry. The tension of which he had thought himself for ever free crept up all around him, invisible, intangible, but as heavy as if someone had suddenly thrown a blanket over his head, stifling and choking him.

But it was Luigi, the old waiter, who phrased the question before he could ask it himself: "Do you believe, *signore*, that Augusto betrayed you?"

"He is dead," said Webb harshly. "Does it still matter?"

A silence fell which separated them completely, and again it was Luigi who broke it.

"You used to speak differently, *signore*, up there on the Sacro Monte and on the meadow behind Pella. You thought highly then of honour and loyalty. It may not matter to you, *signore*, for you are alive, but a dead man has nothing but his reputation. It's what he is remembered by; it's all that he leaves behind; it's something that he can't do anything about any longer, true or untrue, and his children inherit it."

"What do you believe?"

"Never," said Luigi. "Never. He was not the only one who knew about your hiding place, and he was always the one who was afraid you might be too careless."

"How can you tell what goes on in a man's heart?"

"I can't," said Luigi. "No man can tell what another man feels, but Augusto loved life, he loved his wife and his kids, and he was not stupid enough to think he could get away with it."

"And why did the others think he was the informer?"

Luigi began to smile then, the sad and bitter smile which comes from a profound knowledge of life and people. "They had to find a scapegoat," he said. "Nothing complicated about that. Someone had betrayed you, and nobody wanted to fall under suspicion of being the guilty one."

"Who do you think could have done it?"

Luigi shrugged. "How would I know? How could I tell? I don't even dare to go and see Serafina, for fear

they might dismiss me here at my job, or that I would have to share her fate. Anyone might have done it. Anyone who knew. The doctor in Omegna—Lunati is his name, if you perhaps remember—or Pancaldi, the young lawyer in Pella who always wanted to play an important rôle."

He bent, looking at his right shoe, where the leather had cracked, and added: "Some people even think that Contessa Giulia could easily have betrayed you. After all, she was closest to you, and none of the men they took came back. Only she, after two weeks, unharmed. Why did they let her go?"

None of the men they took came back. Only she, after two weeks, unharmed. Why did they let her go?

As if those last words of the old waiter, uttered in the same low excited voice, were the abracadabra of a sorcerer, rendering him momentarily unable to move or think, Webb could not find an immediate answer or a gesture of ridicule.

The sound of water against the wood of the poles which supported the terrace, stirring it into a gentle vibration, the noise of the market place, even the loud shrillness of bargaining, ceased abruptly to exist.

Only the strokes of a hammer somewhere far off were painfully audible.

They blended into marching steps, re-creating in his mind the hour of which Luigi had spoken. Once more he saw the *piazza*, as he had seen it then, lit by the many powerful flashlights, the crude, brutal whiteness shattering the reality of night, dispelling the shadows of the trees along the quay so that they looked unreal, and like a stage set planted there for the illusion of the spectators.

The men of the village huddled like sheep behind the living fence of soldiers with drawn bayonets, but even the Germans, in their century-old gesture of intimidation and threat, had given an impression of meticulously uniformed actors. And Julie, held by two men, standing there, a few paces apart from him. He remembered the expression on her face—one which he would never forget.

All panic had suddenly left her eyes, which he had been able to recall only as terrorized into near blindness, and she had looked indifferent, poised and cold, standing very erect, the way her grandmother, Francesca, might have stood in a similar situation, where pride would forbid humility.

"What foul gossip!" he said.

"It was gossip which killed Augusto," Luigi, the old waiter, replied.

"You just said yourself that there was gossip also about Lunati and about the lawyer in Pella," Webb asked him. "Why are they still alive?"

LUIGI, afraid he might have gone too far, might have, by one incautious word, spoiled his chance of having Augusto rehabilitated, retracted. Damn my tongue, he thought, what an ass I am. Stupid. In a moment, now, the *Inglese* will get up and never listen to me again.

"*Signore*," he said, "I apologize. I was only repeating gossip. Just to point out that because others have been wrongly accused in secret, perhaps Augusto, too, might not have been guilty."

"It isn't talk I'm interested in. If you know facts, tell me, man."

Luigi held up his mutilated left hand in the symbol of an oath. "No facts, *signore*. Not the tiniest little fact. Just a whisper here and there." Then stubbornly came back, "I didn't mean to accuse any of them; only there was no proof against Augusto, either."

Webb shifted his position. "The contessa, Luigi, is beyond all doubt. You may take my word for it."

"Surely, surely," said Luigi, "but bad tongues live in many people's mouths. You cannot stop them all—all those who are envious, or mean, or simply enjoy feeling important. Sometimes here, weeks go past when nothing happens except perhaps that Domenica smuggles a rotten pound of flour into a sack. People get bored, *signore*, and when they get bored they are ready to take life apart and put it back together again, just to see how many different angles it might have."

He caught a deep breath, looking quickly, furtively at Webb's face, and finding it calm again, the wide grey eyes no longer ugly with anger, he added, "And the priest, *signore*, Father Anselmo, does not believe, either, that it was Augusto who betrayed you. He tried to stop it all. He wanted a trial, a formal accusation, but the men would not listen to him."

He bent to fish for the napkin, which, in the surprise of recognizing Webb, he had let slip from his arm on to the floor. It was, like almost everything else in the restaurant, very dirty.

"Since you are here, *signore*, since you've come back"—all his former eloquence deserted him, and he began to stutter helplessly—"maybe you think what does it matter . . . once a man is dead . . . maybe it isn't important to you. But a dead man can't get up and fight to defend himself."

He disappeared into the kitchen, but through the medley of the little square, above the sound of melody and laughter and discussion, his voice kept recurring, echoing: "A dead man has nothing but his reputation. It's what he is remembered by; it's all that he leaves behind."

And then, through the knot of people standing in groups in front of the displayed groceries and flowers and cheaper-looking toys, Webb saw Julie move slowly, gracefully, followed by a maid.

"Ah, Signor Carr," she said with polite mock indifference. "And how are you this beautiful morning?" She came quickly up the stairs until she stood directly below him.

He saw the brown eyes narrow slightly as her gaze met his, and though she was so close to him that he could feel the warmth of her breath on his cheek, he felt her suddenly far away, separated by some immeasurable distance which he had no way of bridging. But he also knew that it was nothing he had done or thought which made them so unexpectedly far apart, but some knowledge which was entirely her own.

"Let's go," he said, dropping his cigarette and grinding it absent-mindedly with his heel. He was sorry for his thoughtlessness when, looking up, he found himself watched by those who stood closest, and now turned their heads quickly in a poor pretence of dignity.

"Where would you like to go?"

"Let's take a boat."

He hired a boat while Julie dismissed the maid, then helped her in.

For about a hundred yards they rowed silently, side by side, their bodies falling into the rhythm of synchronized motion, then Julie went back and sat on the bottom of the boat, resting against the seat, her bare tanned legs stretched out—well-shaped, smooth legs. Webb touched them gently.

She glanced up and away. Webb began to row very fast.

THERE was something in the movement of rowing, of pulling the wood against the flow of water, forcing his own speed and timing on the secret speed and timing of the lake, which filled him with exhilaration, and for a while he gave himself up to the motion, some of the tension going out of him with each stroke.

They were making rapidly towards the southern end of the lake. But Julie appeared unaware of the direction he was taking.

With her eyes half closed and her hands clasped behind her head, she seemed to be dozing. Yet in the way she held herself Webb thought he could detect a conscious effort to appear unconcerned.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Her smile was brisk and conventional. "Sometimes it's just wonderful to be quiet. There are not many people you can share silence with."

"What were you thinking just then?"

What *had* she been thinking of? Could she put into words, into precise phrases, the waves of thoughts and impressions flashing on the screen of her mind? Had she been comparing Webb's face with that of her dead husband Jacopo, or Vittorio, or Filippo, or any of the other de Cresti men in the long row of her ancestors? Had those words spoken to her last night wakened an awareness of Webb Carr?

"Julie," he said, "where are you?"

"You know," she said, "I was spanked only once. When I was very small—five or six years old, perhaps. They had left me on the terrace alone, to play by myself, which I hated. Jacopo and Carlo were away at school then, but still there were quite a few children in the house—the children of the servants—but because I was born Giulia de Cresti, I was forbidden their company, and when my uncle came out he found me hitting my shadow with the biggest stick I could find.

"I was crying bitterly and determined to kill my shadow because I firmly believed that I was Guilia, but it was the de Cresti which kept me from everything I wanted—other children, a school instead of a private tutor, running barefoot or eating with my fingers."

Webb pulled on his oars. Julie watched him.

His shirt was open at the throat, the knot of his tie loosened and pushed down. He had pushed up his sleeves, and his arms looked very strong—thick and strong-boned without the delicate curves of breeding.

"That's why you were spanked?" he

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"Gossip killed Augusto," said Luigi. "A dead man has nothing but his reputation. He can't defend himself"

THE ALL-IN HEALTH CENTRE

Continued from page 9

nose and throat clinic is also a surgeon at a large London hospital. This enables operations to be carried out there without the routine of a second examination: a simplification which the National Health Service might copy.

There is an eye clinic and, on the third floor, a dental clinic and a workshop for making dental plates.

Each year there are more than 7,000 attendances by adults and more than 1,000 by children. At the heart clinic, a leading specialist in cardiac diseases attends every three weeks to give an opinion on cases referred to him by the local doctors.

The solarium, the hall of the sun which Salter's efforts provided for Bermondsey, occupies the first floor. Here huge lamps pour out the same healing rays as the sun, and six hundred patients are being strengthened by them in their battle against tuberculosis. And in the children's section nothing could be lovelier than the floodlit room in which the naked children play with toys under the streams of light. They are being saved from deformity, disease and death even while they play.

It is not only tubercular cases who come to the solarium. An orthopaedic surgeon has been added to the staff; injured workmen, rickety children and sufferers from rheumatoid arthritis come to be healed.

Specialist Advice

And the work of the centre stretches far beyond the patients who come for treatment on the premises. All the doctors in the borough can call on it for assistance. Specialists' opinions, X-rays (7,000 a year), diagnosis of bacteriological specimens: the outside doctor can obtain all these.

Side by side with the physical treatment of disease, the Health Propaganda Department, with lectures and film shows, is waging its campaign to make the people of Bermondsey know how to preserve the good health which has been won back from the old slum conditions.

During last year it organized in youth clubs, schools and adult societies 250 lectures, film displays and demonstrations attended by 29,000 people, more than a third of the population of the borough.

Thousands of brightly laid-out leaflets are produced and distributed: one goes in every book issued from the public libraries. This persistent campaign, maintained for twenty-five years, has made Bermondsey people probably the most health-conscious in the country.

One thing I would beg the Minister of Health to bear in mind as he extends health centres throughout the country: a great part of the success at Bermondsey has been due to the spirit of the centre—the local pride in it, the enthusiasm of its staff of pioneers, the personal touch between the people who use the centre and those in charge of it. There is great danger that this dynamic, human, democratic spirit may be lost in centres which are part of a national administration.

Already the Bermondsey Health Centre has been technically transferred to the Regional Hospital Board, though up to now the local administration remains. The less it is changed the better; and the more local democracy is preserved in the new centres the more likely they are to repeat the success of Bermondsey.

SOCCER'S No. 1 FAN

by STANLEY RUSSELL

Leslie Davis is the leader of 250 soccer supporters' clubs. To them support means raising team funds as well as cheers

THE WEEKLY EXPLOITS of Tommy Lawton, Wilf Mannion, Stanley Matthews and other soccer giants are well known to most newspaper readers. Not so well known, but as important to the half million and more people who watch football every week are the activities of Leslie Davis, of South Norwood, Surrey.

Davis is soccer's number one supporter. He has no official connection with any club but is a member of every one of the 250 organizations affiliated to the National Federation of Football Supporters' Clubs, of which he is secretary and one of the founders. The Federation has recently celebrated its twenty-first anniversary.

He travels all over the country addressing meetings of enthusiasts, showing them how they can be of still greater help to the parent soccer clubs from which each organization takes its name.

To be the accepted leader of half a million people—probably the biggest following of any organization outside politics and the Church—is obviously not a job for a man who likes to come home from work and relax.

Every evening Leslie Davis is either addressing some of the faithful or arranging for their social welfare when they visit London on the serious business of cheering their favourite team. The telephone at his home is busy most nights from seven o'clock till midnight, often later.

Being a soccer supporter (as distinct from a spectator) does not merely involve wearing a bright scarf and waving a rattle. A supporters' club has the job of providing the home team with funds as well as encouragement.

"If I were to show you all the figures it would read like a Government Budget," declares Davis.

Some £20,000 has been presented to Southend United F.C. by its supporters since 1929. Torquay United Women's Section raised £1,000 for players' accommodation. Ipswich supporters celebrated the Town's arrival in the Football League by building a new wing to the stand and have since bought a house and converted it into flats for the playing staff.

Gave Their Coupons

Even the supporters of minor clubs have been generous. Peterborough fans, for instance, handed over £2,000 to the club for structural alterations and parted with nearly 150 clothing coupons for new "togs."

There is official liaison between the Federation of Supporters' Clubs and the Football Association. But that is all.

"A football club and its supporters' club are separate entities," Davis explains. "Neither interferes in the other's province. Football clubs provide us with entertainment; we in return not only pay admittance charges but show our loyalty by helping them in every possible way.

"We organize social functions and penny-on-the-ball competitions, handing over the profits to the parent club. We act as stewards and sell programmes. In some cases we even produce the programmes. But we never try to tell the directors or the manager how to run the team.

"Most supporters' clubs have liaison officers who sit in at board meetings of the parent body and speak on subjects that concern fans, but there is not one football director who represents a supporters' club. That would be most embarrassing."

Occasionally an unenlightened soccer club is found that believes supporters exist only for its benefit. When matters affecting fans are raised, such as the provision of better terracing, some football officials threaten to close down the supporters' club and take over its funds.

Mustn't Be Shylocks

Perhaps the threat is not meant seriously, but when it does arise it has the effect of sending Davis hastening to the scene of conflict.

"I respectfully point out to the officials that the funds are ours, that we make voluntary gifts in return for their official recognition, and that they cannot be Shylocks and expect all the money without giving something for it."

Of the eighty-eight Football League clubs, barely half a dozen have not an officially recognized supporters' club. Among these are Arsenal, Everton and Crystal Palace, where a difference of opinion with the main directorate a few years ago led to the supporters' club lying in a state of suspended animation.

This, Davis feels, is ironical, for it was at Crystal Palace that the supporters' club movement really began. Davis got the use of a hut on the ground as a meeting place and headquarters for regular supporters. At first they were merely a cheering team—just Davis and half a dozen of his friends. Then they grew more numerous, more vociferous and more ambitious—and began raising money as well.

Other supporters' clubs were organized by Davis into one central body. Crystal Palace, Brentford, Northampton, Brighton and Barking were among original members.

Sheffield Wednesday and Manchester City soon followed.

The movement caught the imagination of the game's followers, and now several clubs have a membership roll running into five figures. Non-League Colchester United has the biggest, with 13,000 members. There the parent club leaves the handling of tickets to the fans' organization, thus avoiding the black market in tickets common in other areas.

A Hereford supporter was responsible for an unusual soccer ceremony. Last season he promised the local side a new flag if it scored 100 goals. The bargain was kept on both sides, and there was a formal presentation of the flag—a mark of the close association between the club and its followers.

One supporters' club has sought (unsuccessfully so far) a special soap ration so that it can wash the players' gear. Another, which insures the team against accident, recently inquired if the policy covered ptomaine poisoning in case the players were made ill by the tea and cakes provided (by supporters) after the match.

Queens Park Rangers fans, sometimes with the help of the team, have painted stands, erected buildings, laid terraces, bought equipment and given wedding presents and extra-benefit gifts to the players. A month or two ago they handed over a cheque for £2,400 for any purpose the parent club thought fit. And there was no hint that they considered a new player was needed.

Darts and Boxing

Southend fans can probably claim the record for diversity of activity. Apart from money gifts, they have organized a darts competition for 100 local teams and sponsored a boxing tournament.

By way of relaxation, Southend followers have provided themselves with a licensed social club, complete with resident steward, and, looking for a new outlet, have formed a dramatic society.

Davis is liberal in his help to members. He tells them where they can buy rattles and comic hats ("I like a little showmanship") for Saturday afternoons, and balloons and novelties for their dances. He arranges coach bookings, and, if a club visiting London wants to see a show, he finds theatre seats. As part of the service he even briefs the artists with local gags "to make my members feel at home."

Every room at the Davis home is filled with soccer literature. "My wife says I turn the place upside down, but she doesn't mind really. She knows almost as much about this work as I do. I'd be lost without her."

Which proves that even football's chief supporter appreciates support.

Revisiting Norfolk, a reader was shocked by the sea's threat to homes

FREE SPEECH

RECENTLY I STAYED at a village on the Norfolk coast. It was several years since I had been there and I was very perturbed to see how much of the village had been claimed by the sea. I remembered a pretty bungalow there but found it was now in ruins on the cliff top.

What are local authorities doing to check this coast erosion? In my opinion the responsibility is the Government's—MRS. D. NICHOLAS, 15 Berrylands, Raynes Park, London, S.W.20.

Time Off for Sport

THE ABSENTEEISM and dismissals which followed the recent mid-week cup tie replay at Manchester could easily have been avoided by adopting a special leave scheme in offices and factories.

The scheme would call for the co-operation both of employers and employees, but I think it could be made quite successful.

A worker wanting to take a certain time off during the week would be required to work a corresponding number of hours overtime before being able to do so.

Worked intelligently, the scheme would put an end to the sacking of workers who attend mid-week sporting events in the firm's time and the resentment such sacking causes.—R. A. OWEN, 16 Lytton Road, London, E.11.

Better Beacons

MUCH PUBLIC CONCERN has been aroused by the high rate of road accidents. One simple precaution might considerably lessen them.

Valuable as they are by day, Belisha beacons are of not much practical use at night, as they are not easily visible to motorists. Couldn't the present metal globes be replaced by transparent plastic ones, fitted with electric bulbs. Crossings illuminated in this way could easily be seen by both motorist and pedestrian.—A. L. DREW, 69 Highland Road, Oakham, Dudley, Worcs.

Glamorous but Fickle

I AGREE WITH "Seventh Heaven" who wrote (JOHN BULL, February 12) saying that Continental males were far more fascinating than British boys. But how very fickle they are, too.

A few months ago I was engaged to a most sincere type of English boy, but unfortunately I met a fascinating Pole at a dance. For six weeks this gay Casanova swept me completely off my feet with his pretty compliments and attentions. Then without any explanation he just transferred his affections to another passing fancy.

What would I not give now to be back in my own particular Seventh Heaven with my English boy once again.—BITTER EXPERIENCE, Surrey. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Beautiful but Dumb

AS A POLISH STUDENT in Britain, it seems to me that it is the English girls, not boys, who need to adopt Continental technique. I, too, have an English girl friend—beautiful, but oh, so dumb! I very much doubt whether English girls even understand the meaning of "vivacity"; love is a closed book to them.—POLISH STUDENT, London. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Private Patients

A SPECIALIST'S FEE makes all the difference to his attention to a patient, but not in the way your correspondent (JOHN BULL, February 6) seems to think.

As a private patient, one can by appointment secure half an hour of a specialist's time, and during this time all other cases are put out of his mind and he brings all his interest and skill to bear on you.

In hospital he is grossly overworked, and you are just one of the many who are pushed in and out of his consulting room. There is only time for brusque efficiency, which may well be taken for the "boredom and disinterest" noted by your correspondent. The solution is an appointment system for hospital consultations, but at present this means that patients have to wait three to six hours to see a specialist. — BRIAN SMORTHNAITE, 35 Tanza Road, London, N.W.3.

America by an American

WE LIKE TO SEE ourselves as others see us, but America through the eyes of Roland Wild ("You've Got to Park it Somewhere," JOHN BULL, January 8) is somewhat inflated.

I work for one of the "drive-ins" (dining car parks) he mentions. The car-hops receive two dollars a night, plus tips. An all-time high last summer netted one car-hop sixty-seven dollars one lush week. As a waitress, I receive three dollars thirty-one cents a night and last night earned five dollars in tips. That's less than £2 for an eight-hour night, and whichever way you add it up it doesn't come to the £20 a week that Roland Wild quotes.

So stop picturing us as wallowing in filthy lucre, will you please?

We consider the British as one of the family, and believe we could be even better friends if you didn't have an exaggerated idea of our average existence.—MRS. CHARLES D. NAPIER, 2720 Northview Road, Rocky River, Ohio, Cleveland, 16, U.S.A.

A Pottery's the Place

I AM A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD girl working in a pottery, and am greatly surprised that the work does not attract more teen-age girls. It is a fascinating and creative job, and the fact that our products are for domestic use makes the job one of direct and vital interest to me. — MISS SHEILA HAYWOOD, 22 Gilberthorpe Street, Rotherham, Yorks.

Dust in the Home

I HAVE FOLLOWED WITH interest the experiments carried out to show how tubercular germs are carried in dust and was interested to see that vacuum cleaners play a large part in putting down this menace.

As housewives spend much time working amid dust—the houses with most dust being the ones least likely to be able to afford a vacuum cleaner—it is about time that the high purchase tax on these valuable machines was removed to bring them within reach of the working man's wife. — MRS. BETTY KINDER, 87 Beeston Road, Dunkirk, Nottingham.

Riding Blind

I HAVE JUST COMPLETED a business trip covering some fifteen hundred miles of England and Scotland.

Carrying a fairly comprehensive series of maps, I was nevertheless often unable to discover just where I was on British Railways. As we are anxious to give tourists their money's worth, I suggest that some indication should be given of the many historic and beauty spots in our country by placing signboards which would be visible from trains.—EDWARD INGLIS, 96a Kingston Road, Portsmouth.

The Outsize Chest

ORDERING A SUIT recently at a multiple tailoring firm, I was informed that I would have to pay an extra 35s., as I measured forty-four inches round the chest. Board of Trade regulations, I was told, classed as outsize anything over a forty-two inch chest measurement.

This to me seems most unfair, as no special income tax reduction is allowed for outsize men. In tailoring, the undersized should compensate for the oversized.—S. J., Belfast. (Full name and address enclosed).

Postwar Credits

TRADERS EVERYWHERE are complaining that money is becoming increasingly tight.

Sir Stafford Cripps, in his coming budget, could go a long way to remedy this if he would decide on at least a part payment of our Postwar Credits. If he could let us have payment for the first two years, 1941-42 and 1942-43, that would act as a tonic to the flagging spirits of our nation of impecunious shoppers.—A. GORDON, Tigh-na-Bruach, Victoria Street, Dyce, Aberdeenshire.

Can't Get a Game

I AM THIRTEEN years of age and very keen on football. But apart from soccer at school I am unable to get a game elsewhere because of the shortage of playing fields.

I live in a village five miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne and I do not know of a decent football pitch within a radius of eight miles of my home. Yet there are many bomb sites, derelict factories and large areas of wasteland round about which could be converted into playing fields at very little expense.

If we are to be the national builders of tomorrow, we will need healthy bodies as well as healthy minds. — GERARD LOUGHRAN, 1 Sugley Street, Lemington-on-Tyne.

Japs Gave Him Hell

CONGRATULATIONS TO JOHN BULL for its on-the spot survey of Japan by Hessell Tiltman in recent issues. He is one observer who is not fooled by the Japanese.

During nearly four years of hell, slaving on the Siam-Burma death railway, where 17,000 p.o.w.s died, I was under orders from a wide range of Japanese officers and men. From the ignorant rankers to the educated English-speaking officers, they all considered themselves the master race and hated the white people intensely.

The war is over, but the Japanese are the same. Many ex-Servicemen, like myself, know them for what they are, in spite of their postwar bowing and scraping. The Allies must not be fooled into giving them a second chance.—ERNEST E. WARWICK, 2a Walton Terrace, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

Princess Margaret

AS AN ARDENT Royalist I feel very angry at the bad taste displayed over the activities of the Royal Family, and especially Princess Margaret.

Every time she pays a social visit or goes to a theatre or a dance, there are headlines about her "new boy friend" or some such phrase. There is little enough dignity left in the world today and surely the Royal Family could be treated with the respect that their example deserves.—MRS. A. J. BROCKLEY, 130 Thomas Street, Manchester, 12.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

ONE JOB AT A TIME

by HARRY HOPKINS

Nimble-fingered craftsmen—and women—are getting a break even in this conveyer-belt age

IN THE BACKSTAIRS room over the Midland Bank in Hertford, Dorothy Brown lifted the saucepan from the upturned electric heater, sat down again at the bench and switched on.

As the copper engraving wheel began to sing you could watch the cupid's wing slowly growing on the glass mug in her hands. Over to the left of the bench the rows of wineglasses and bowls and tankards and jugs sparkled and shone as the light caught their leaping stags and twining vines and stars and galleons and long-tailed birds.

Dorothy Brown, glass engraver, works alone; but today she is not alone. She is part of one of the most unexpected movements of postwar Britain — a renaissance of the fine hand crafts which first made "British workmanship" world famous.

For the ill wind of war, forcing the nation to take stock of neglected resources, finally blew our few surviving craftsmen some good. Now, after a century's unaided struggle in the floods of mass-production, they are to be restored to an honourable place in our national life as standard-bearers in the overseas trade drive. Through an organization called British Handcrafts Export, Britain is going to the rescue of her craftsmen—and the craftsmen, in return, are coming to the rescue of Britain.

They're After World Markets

British Handcrafts Export is a Cripps idea. He is himself an amateur craftsman in wood, and was at one time a partner in a small handthrown pottery business. Founded last July, financed by a small Government loan, plus loans and gifts from private firms, it is a non-profitmaking organization under the chairmanship of Lady Cripps which will establish channels by which hundreds of fine craftsmen, formerly working in isolation, can offer their products to the world.

The possibilities are exciting. Though, in the past, odd sales have been made to collectors overseas, the field has never been systematically exploited. A market survey of twenty-six countries is now in progress to find out just which hand crafts articles people will buy and what they are willing to pay. Then a publicity campaign and sales machine will be planned.

From B.H.E.'s Westminster offices production director John Farleigh, himself a distinguished wood engraver, journeys about the country, seeking out craftsmen, encouraging, guiding. Farleigh talks enthusiastically of the new generation of craftsmen coming along since the war—many of them ex-Servicemen stimulated by the upheaval of war to find a more satisfying sort of life.

He'll tell you, for instance, about a promising group of young glass engravers. . . .

In the room over the Midland Bank in Hertford, Dorothy Brown inserted a dimple in the cupid's knee and changed the engraving wheel. "They say it takes seven years to make a glass engraver," she said.

So far she's done six—and they've all been fun. It began orthodoxly enough with the usual art student stuff at the Edinburgh College of Art. Then, one term there was a class in an art that was almost forgotten, glass engraving.

Dorothy Brown went along—and was soon captivated by the new world of grace and sparkle opening before her. She loved the feel of the glass cupped in her hands against the wheel, the nice adjustments of touch, the perfect marriage of hand and brain.

Dinner-time Was Beautiful!

She got a research scholarship. She studied the beautiful work of the eighteenth century when dinner tables were still also galleries of art. She learned the ways of the wheels the engravers used before the more spectacular but less charming cheap cut glass of the machine age flooded the market.

Hertford was handy for London, but cheaper. She got digs there, cleared the junk out of the room over the bank, brightened the place up with a few old textile designs and got down to the business of making a living at an eighteenth-century art in twentieth-century England.

Things were a bit slow at first, and there were a few bad mornings when, as she sleepily climbed the stairs to the chilly, lonely "studio," she wondered whether this thing was making any sort of sense at all. But the turning point came when at a craft exhibition the Queen asked to buy two Dorothy Brown tankards engraved with a simple pattern of leaves.

So far, so good. The next step, she thinks, is to get together with the handful of other glass engravers scattered up and down the country and form an organization to induce the big glass firms to blow the special shapes which lend themselves best to the engravers' art.

These days the mass production industries give the craftsman a pretty tough fight for survival, but in one thing at least he has the pull. The craftsman can work anywhere. A city basement . . . a room over a bank in the little market town of Hertford . . . or a village in the depths of Hampshire.

Several times a day the "Little Wonder" bus leaves the square in Petersfield and climbs slowly over a spur of the South Downs to the village of Froxfield (pop. 665).

But though Ernest Barnsley works by oil lamps (incantlescent) in what was once a village smithy, these facts need not conjure up a calendar picture of Ye Olde Craftsman with spectacles on the end of his nose and a faraway look in his eyes.

That is not he at all. He has no time for sentimentalism about hand crafts. He is a modern designer making fine furniture for people who appreciate fine furniture.

Mere Machine Can't Cope

The village setting represents not atmosphere, but low overheads, and that there is no electric power is a cause for regret. For white-haired, bushy-browed Ernest Barnsley has nothing against machines as such. "Only," he says, "there are things a craftsman can do and no machine can. His work is individual. It's made to designs that are constantly evolving. It's original and creative."

He drew out the drawer of a massive desk designed for a client in Johannesburg. Placing one finger on the top corner of the drawer he pressed gently. The drawer slid back like a piston in a cylinder. "That's part of your answer, too," he said.

Barnsley's part is to prepare the drawings and select the timber from the stack outside where it lies maturing (five years to an inch). After that—and this, he says, is important—one craftsman takes over the job and is responsible for it from start to finish. It's all his and he's left to get on with it.

In a corner of the workshop fifty-four year old Charles Bray, who came here from Wimbledon years ago, is busy cutting dovetails in the top of another big desk. It's his fourth week on the job and most likely it'll be another five before he's through. You need infinite patience to be a craftsman; and in this peaceful village community, far from the jittery, stop-go, conveyer-belt life of the cities, patience is possible.

"We get some nice jobs," confides Bray. "There's some you don't like to leave. . . ." He has a cottage in the village and all the furniture in it he made with his own hands. "I've got some pieces up there I can be proud of."

Ex-Servicemen Go for It

Farther along the bench young Kenneth Marshall, from Gloucestershire and the R.A.F., is preparing some tough Australian walnut for the workshop's new elegant tapestry-seated "export" chairs. These days Barnsley gets many applications to become pupils from ex-Servicemen. Like Marshall they "just feel they'd like to do something with their hands."

After a year "doing something with his hands," Kenneth Marshall is well content with the simple pattern of Froxfield life—though he never expects to get rich.

"Sooner or later," he says, "I'd like to start up my own place although, of course, I don't know yet how that's going to work out."

That's an idea back of the minds of many of the pupils here and quite

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

As the engraving wheel turns, Dorothy Brown shapes a pattern on the wineglass. The glass will look nice; moreover, it will sell

recently two of them put it into practice. Bob Townshend, ex-Merchant Navy, started up a workshop at Saxmundham in Suffolk, and John Briggs opened his place in Salisbury.

Glass . . . wood . . . silver. In a backroom off a dingy alley in North London a white-smocked young man lays down the disc of silver that in a few weeks' time will have been hammered into a graceful coffee jug. "There was a time," he says, "when the silversmiths in England ranked even higher than the architects."

The survival of this particular artist-craftsman, L. G. Durbin, we owe to the winning of an L.C.C. scholarship which took him from his elementary school to the Central School of Arts and Crafts, and thence on a Continental study tour financed by the venerable Goldsmiths' Company.

Durbin's war—in the R.A.F.—was interrupted by a summons to a shed at the bottom of a Lambeth garden to take over the silversmith work on the Sword of Stalingrad. After that experience he set up on his own. His ambition is to create a New Look in English silver which would become as famous as the old silver for which the world remembers us.

In this adventure he has great hopes of British Handcrafts Export's plans. "There are still wealthy people in America," he says. "They must be yearning for something different from the mass-production stuff they're flooded out with."

Something That's Useful

Hammering and a gentle chipping punctuates the talk. "But first," goes on Durbin, "we've got to get people to think of fine silver as something to *use*, not just treasure. They've got to buy handmade silverware not just out of arty-crafty snobbishness, but because it has qualities that can't come from a machine. For one thing, it's sturdier. . . ."

C. G. J. Simmonds, who left the Board of Trade to take over the management of British Handcrafts Export, puts it like this: "What we're out to show the world is that the tradition of British Quality is not just something that happened 200 years ago, but something that is very much alive today."

They say that Wedgwood, the master potter, used to stroll through his workshops with a stick in his hand, dashing to the ground any article that didn't, in his view, come up to scratch. B.H.E. possesses no stick, but it does have a powerful instrument of persuasion in the power granted to the Crafts Centre to certify articles of craftsmanship for remission of purchase tax.

In the eighteenth century there was a Worcester cabinetmaker named Chippendale, there was Wedgwood and his decorator, Flaxman, and there was Sheraton and Hepplewhite. The fame of these men spread across the world and their styles, British styles, were copied everywhere.

Now, in the workshop at Haslemere where every man is a musician, Carl Dolmetsch turns out his harpsichords and clavichords and violins; at his potter's wheel in St. Ives, Bernard Leach shapes a beautiful new piece; the stained glass which is the glory of our English churches still comes from the hand of J. E. Nutgens at High Wycombe, while, not many miles away, in Letchworth, Douglas Cockerell is busy giving fine books fine bindings.

In city backrooms and village workshops all over Britain craftsmen who a few years ago were facing extinction look to a brighter future doing the work they know and love.

Traitor's Island

Continued from page 16

said. "Because you wanted to get rid of your shadow?"

Julie reached into the water, letting her hand slide through it, then splashed it into her face. Some of it spattered against her hair, darkening the red gold. "I was taught then that one never could or should run away from one's shadow; small now, large then, distorted sometimes by the changing light into strange shapes, but always present, irrevocable."

"You really want to run away?" He saw her blush. A frown appeared on her high, rounded forehead and she turned her head. "Let's run away together then," he said. "I know a place where they won't find you easily. Remember the photo of the little house I showed you?"

She did not answer. Quite suddenly she realized with surprise that she remembered his having told her about all this before, remembered details like a four-poster bed standing in a room whose walls were papered with a strawberry design. A speckled floor, a pump in the kitchen. Why should she have remembered things like that? Or was she mixing it all up and Webb had mentioned those things only yesterday?

"Julie," his voice came again, "what is it? What is worrying you? What do you want to run away from?"

"I don't really," she answered, but she knew that she was lying. She did not want to marry Orlando Monte d'Oro for the sake and convenience of her family. "I don't know what brought it up."

"What makes you unhappy? You're not really happy, are you?"

"Who is?"

"I could be if——"

His eyes forced hers to meet his glance. Yes, he thought, I could be happy if she would come with me. We would live on the farm in the summer—it's only sixty miles from London—or maybe I could find a flat, move out of that damn hotel.

Julie broke the mood. "You really have no business to stay here, have you?" she asked. "Now that you know that the Titian has been stolen, you could go back tomorrow if you wanted to."

He had forgotten about the painting. "I could," he said. "Tell me, am I mistaken or was it stored on the island?"

"It was. But I never saw it again."

"I understood the Germans let you go after only a few days. Didn't you make sure when you came back?"

"It was more than a few days; they held me for two weeks. Of course, I came back here to find out if there was some news about you and Frank and the other men. But I stayed only one week, till Bernabi came. He was grandmother's old manager, and he took me back to Verona. All our things were stored in the passage, but I couldn't go near it."

He saw her shiver.

They were in the lee of the land, and through the quiet air came the rumble of a truck, driving very fast over the narrow winding curves of the highway. A tiny grey house hung like a swallow's nest above the vineyards and below the tower. As he looked at it he forgot Julie. He remembered only what Luigi had said.

"Serafina?" Then she understood. "I thought you had decided to be content with things as they are, to leave the past alone."

"I'm afraid I can't," he said. "There's talk in the village. Not everybody believes that Augusto betrayed us."

"After four years," answered Julie, almost as Luigi might have put it, "people get bored with facts as they were; they add or subtract according to what makes the best story. If you know a small village, you know it's their chief form of entertainment."

"I know that," he said. "But Augusto had children, and if he's innocent they must not fall heirs to a traitor's reputation."

She noticed the sudden tenseness in his eyes, the determination of a decision deepening the lines running from his nose to the corners of his mouth. Suddenly she understood that as long as he thought himself betrayed by anyone to whom he had given his personal confidence he would feel responsible for all that happened.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "What are you trying to do?"

"Find the traitor," he said. "Augusto's name has to be cleared."

She made no reply; just kept looking at him searchingly.

QUIETLY, he went on: "Yesterday I thought I could forget the past. Because I was so glad you were alive, I forgot or wanted to forget, about Augusto, but a dead man has nothing left but his reputation, and that places a sort of obligation on me."

He landed the boat and pulled it up against the meadowy shore. "Don't you see, Julie, there are things in life which are unavoidable? Times when you have to touch bottom, no matter how deep, because if you content yourself with the most convenient explanation all the values you live by fall to pieces."

The shadow, she thought, from which no one can separate himself. Mine is the obligation to my name, his is to his conscience.

"It will stir up the whole neighbourhood. I wish you wouldn't. I wish you would leave things as they are. What if you're wrong? What if you make a mistake?"

"I have to take a chance," he said. "You understand, don't you, Julie? And don't wait for me. I'll walk back. It isn't very far. See you later."

Take a chance, thought Julie. Perhaps one has to. Perhaps one must take a chance against all odds.

For a while, her eyes followed his figure, walking through the still fresh green of the meadow, walking across the dazzling white highway, and gradually growing smaller and smaller, then vanishing altogether, as if sucked into the hill itself. Then she turned the boat around.

Once, on his way uphill, Webb bent and lifted to his face a clod of rich, strong-smelling soil. He was not conscious of his need for reassurance, nor that in the confusion of emotions he found some basic, almost primitive comfort in the dark, fruitful handful of earth crumbling between his fingers.

The vines here were planted along poles of greyish wood hung with a crude wire net which lifted the plants towards the sun, so that he walked under a roof of leaves, shutting out forever anything not immediately connected with the hill.

Once when he rounded a turn he struck a piece of wire, and a queer thin, far-away melody suddenly rose above the hill like a cadence heard in a dream. But it wasn't until he hit his forehead against one of the tiny bells hung between the interlaced wire that he realized they were to prevent birds from picking at the ripening grapes in autumn.

After that he kept one hand striking against the poles, like a boy rattling his fingers along a fence, idly and playfully.

The sweet, gentle tone was abruptly swallowed in the harsher, louder sound of dogs barking furiously. Then above him he could hear, but not see, a door opened quickly and slammed shut with a violent bang.

The barking of the dogs leaped into hysteria against which his own voice, calling out, was powerless.

He saw a yellow flash, like lightning striking from a still blue summer sky, rush through the uppermost terrace and then a red-hot tongue close up.

He reacted instinctively; his fist pushed out and went straight and deep between the open jaws, making the animal powerless to use its teeth, as it hung, choking for breath, from his arm.

To be continued next week

"You *will* be careful about the banisters, won't you?"

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May I give you a lift?

His was the only car in the village and he felt quite the squire in it

—until he gave one of the villagers a ride • *by WILL SCOTT*

"Nice how-d'ye-do," she said. Bending her head against the rain, she went off, sniffing and muttering

IT WAS SO *easy* in the country. The people were so amiable. All smiles. Not always wanting to take offence. He even liked the way they called him Mister. They all did that—touched their caps to him and called him Mister.

He had lived all his life in towns, starting with London, and although this particular village was only four miles or so from this particular town and due to become a suburb before the kids were through school, it was like a dream come true when he heard that the cottage round the corner was for sale. He rushed in before anybody else could rush. He bought the cottage and settled in.

The villagers called his wife Lady when they called him Mister. All this and the fact that he had the only car in the place made him feel like a squire. He had never been so important before.

Having the only car in the place wasn't so grand as it sounds. It was a little car with most of its life behind it. It was better at stopping than starting. The doors flew open and flapped about when it was in bottom gear, and you gave up trying to talk when it was running at speed.

But it was a car, and it got him into the town to his office and back as often as not. And it was the wonder of wonders to the village children whenever it stood outside his gate.

They stood round and stared and nudged each other, and you could tell that they thought he was a sort of king. So did he.

Going to live in the country has its surprises. If you've lived all your life in a town there are things to find out, and the quickest way to find out is by experience, and experience sometimes hurts. As he realized in the matter of that dark end of his garden.

It was a long, narrow garden, pointing south, and the far end never got a chance to show what it could do because of a row of high trees across the bottom. Those trees annoyed him from the start.

"Just where the garden wants some sunshine," he said. "I don't know why the last chap let 'em straggle so. Some of these country people have no idea."

He poked about in an old shed near the kitchen door, and presently came out with a big saw in his hand. It was Saturday afternoon and he'd nothing to do.

"I'm going to thin those trees out," he said.

"Don't hurt yourself," said his wife.

Sawing through the upper branches gave him a nice feeling. He liked the swish as they bent over and paused a second to pick up strength before tearing themselves off the trunk and going bump on the ground. It all made him feel primitive and gave him an unexpected contempt for his desk and his office.

"Nothing like a country life!" he thought.

After he'd got the tops off he pulled the ladder aside and started on the trunks. In an hour there wasn't a tree left, only a row of stumps. And every inch of the garden was flooded with sunshine.

He piled the wreckage into the middle of an empty bed and made a glorious bonfire of the deposed trunks and branches. Then he went indoors and made his wife look out of the window at his afternoon's work.

"There! Isn't that better?" he said.

"It's very much lighter, dear," his wife agreed.

"We'll be able to *grow* things there now," he said. "And look at the view! You can see Myrtle Cottage plainly, and all the flowers in their garden, without having to pull a lot of branches aside."

He had a good wash and they settled down to tea.

Half way through tea there was a knock on the door and his wife went to answer it. She was gone quite a long time and he stopped having tea to try and make out what the muddled argument along the passage was about. It sounded almost like a quarrel. When his wife came back he thought she looked worried.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Do you know what you've done?" said his wife.

"What *I've* done? When? How do you mean? Who's that at the door?"

"It's the woman from Myrtle Cottage. I'm afraid there's going to be an awful row. You've cut all their prize plum trees down."

"I've *what*?"

"You'd better go and talk to her. I can't make her see reason. She's in a terrible state."

HE pushed his plate away and stood up. His wife was looking quite pale. She was shaking her head.

"Just when we were getting on here so nicely," she said. "She's talking about solicitors' letters. She says something about fifty pounds' compensation."

"I'll soon calm her down," he said over his shoulder, going.

The woman on the doorstep looked as if she was ready to scratch eyes out of dragons. She was shuffling about from foot to foot.

"Good afternoon," he said in a neighbourly way.

"Can't understand why you had to *do* it, Mister," she started. "He's in a fine takin'. He swears he'll have the law on you."

"Come, come!" said Mister. "What's all this about?"

"Can't calm him down at any price," said the Myrtle Cottage woman. "He's dancin' mad! You couldn't find plums like them for miles and miles and miles. Not anywhere. He took prizes with 'em every year. Silver cups. We've had their photo in the garden papers. He was like a mother with a baby over them trees. And now you've *burnt* 'em! I wouldn't let him come and see you himself. There'd have been murder!"

"But how was I to know?" he said.

"Anyone could see they was our side of the boundary," said the Myrtle Cottage woman.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "I only wanted to let a bit of light into my garden. I thought they were only old elms or something."

"*Elms?*"

"Well, elders. Whatever it is. I'm very sorry."

"Sorry won't help. I've never seen

him in such a state. He's hoppin' mad! He says it'll mean solicitors."

"Now, now, now," said Mister. "We can put it all right, as soon as we have a chance to talk it over."

"You can't put thirty years of prize plum trees right in a minute," said the Myrtle Cottage woman. "It beats me. Anyone could *see* they was on our side of the boundary. I thought he'd fall dead. We been down the town shopping. When we get back and he sees what's happened. . . ."

"I'll come round and see him when he's a bit calmer," said Mister.

"Silver cups," said the Myrtle Cottage woman.

"I'll come round and see him."

"Hoppin' mad!"

"I'll come round."

HE shut the door. There seemed to be no other way of getting rid of her. When he got back to the sitting-room his wife was looking depressed.

"These country people are different," she said. "Once you offend them they never forget it. You ought to have asked."

"Asked *what?*" he said irritably. "How was I to know they were damned plum trees? Don't *you* start, for heaven's sake."

"I'm not starting!" said his wife, flushing. "But I've told you, these country people——"

"To blazes with these country people!" he snapped. "Don't let's rub our noses in the dust at their feet. You've got to be firm from the start with such people. Keep 'em away from solicitors and I'll square this in no time. It won't cost more than a quid or two, you'll see." He groped in a cupboard. "Where's that bottle of whisky? Ah—here it is."

"You were going to save it," his wife reminded him.

"Well, I'm not going to save it," he said. "You can always get round these people. Bottle of whisky and a fiver. I'll soon square him."

The Myrtle Cottage woman was outside the back door emptying a tea pot when he got there. When she saw him she glanced over her shoulder and hurried down the garden path.

"Look here," he said, "if you'll just give him this——"

"I should go back home if I were you," said the woman. "I'll let him have this later on. He's hoppin' mad all over the place. All he can say is 'Plum trees!'"

"Tell him I'll come round on Monday evening, then we'll all sit down and straighten this out."

"I'll *tell* him," said the woman doubtfully.

"And give him my best wishes," he added hopefully.

"I should say so!" said the woman.

When he got back home his wife was being womanly about it.

"I can't understand why you had to *do* it," she said.

"Not you, too!" he groaned.

"How do you mean?"

"All right! all right! all right!"

On Monday morning the car gave its usual trouble. It was a raw morning, with great banks of rushing clouds, which didn't help to cheer him up. He was so long over the open bonnet that he wondered whether to give it up and go into town by bus. Then the car began to rattle and he got in. As he zoomed round the corner he caught sight of the stark stumps of the deceased plum trees.

"Lot of infernal fuss over nothing," he said to himself. "Women must exaggerate. I'll get the whole thing squared in five minutes, once I get down to it."

He turned into the main road and there at the bus stop, waiting for the next bus into town, was the Myrtle Cottage woman. One or two drops of rain were beginning to spot the road and he noticed she had no umbrella. Here, he decided, was a heaven-sent opportunity for diplomacy. He pulled up.

"May I give you a lift?" he said.

He could see she was impressed. This wasn't the sort of thing that happened to a woman like her every day. Probably she'd never been in a car before in all her life. Even a car like this.

"Oh, I say, Mister," she said.

She got in and settled down in the springless seat.

"Ar," she said, eyeing the clouds.

"Better than hanging about for the bus," he said. "It'll be raining cats and dogs in a minute. You'd have got wet through."

"Ar," she said, eyeing the clouds.

He wondered when she was going to get round to the subject of plum trees. After half a mile or so he went on with the diplomacy. He had to shout because of the engine.

"Any time you want a lift into town, you know," he said, "you've only got to ask. I've always got a spare seat."

That seemed to melt her a bit. She actually smiled. She wriggled about on the springless seat and smiled. It might have been a Rolls-Royce. They passed somebody she knew and she waved. There was a bit of a Royal procession about the proceedings. Suddenly she said:

"I give him that whisky last night."

"Oh, yes?"

"He never said a word. He's a bit calmer this mornin'. He's never had a whole bottle o' whisky before. He'll be all right. You leave him to me, Mister."

SHE smiled wider than ever. She *was* impressed. "This," thought Mister, "is the way to manage these people. The friendly touch."

"He's still natterin' about havin' the law," said the Myrtle Cottage woman. "But you leave him to me. I'll handle him. Once I've got him sweet."

"That's the idea," said Mister. "We don't want any unpleasantness."

"Ar," said the woman.

She watched the rain slapping the windscreen.

"Lucky to be under cover," she said.

Then the engine stopped.

"What's all this?" she asked. "Is it going to blow up?"

"Excuse me," he said. "I shan't be a minute."

Five minutes later, with the bonnet up, with the rain dripping down inside his collar, wondering what it was this time and how he was going to put it right, he heard the rattle of an approaching bus and remembered the Myrtle Cottage woman inside the car. He stood up and waved his arms about and shouted "Hi!" but the bus dashed past. She opened the car door and stuck her head out in the rain.

"They never pulls up between stops," she told him. "It's all these rules and regulations. Why—is the car bust?"

"It does this sometimes," he explained. "It's nothing really. Don't worry. I'll have it right in a jiffy."

Twenty minutes later another bus went by and she looked out again. She wasn't smiling now.

"That's two buses I've missed."

"I'm very sorry."

"It'll be tomorrow before we get into town at this rate," said the woman. "It's a funny do."

"I'm very sorry," he repeated.

"What's the matter with it?" she asked.

"Only some little thing," he said. "If I could put my finger on it."

"Will it be going in five minutes?"

"I hope so."

"Don't you know? I don't want to miss the next bus as well, if you *don't* know. Might be as well if I walked along to the next bus stop, eh?"

"Perhaps it might," he confessed.

She climbed out to the road. The rain was coming down in torrents now and beating back up from the road.

"Nice how-d'ye-do!" the woman grumbled. "I'd have missed all this if I'd waited for that first bus. Funny way to get a lift into town!"

She went off sniffing and muttering, slapping along the wet road, her head bent against the driving rain. Mister stuck his head back inside the bonnet and began to swear.

MAYBE the swearing did it, showed the little car who was master. After a minute or two it began to splutter, then it roared. He slammed down the bonnet, climbed in and let it go.

"Running sweet as a whistle!" he said, pleased with himself for some reason.

He found the Myrtle Cottage woman at the next bus stop, standing in the downpour like a wet hen. There was a foul gleam in her eye. He pulled up and opened the car door.

"It's all right now, you see," he called.

She glared at him. Then, with no air of accepting a favour, she got in and slammed the door. She sniffed.

"I knew it would be all right, once I put my finger on it," he said.

"Just about soaked to the skin, me," said the woman.

"I'm very sorry about that," he said.

"Pity you didn't find out what was

"I have come to the studio tonight to talk. to you in person, in person, in person . . ."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE IDEA for the cover came to Michael Critchlow as he watched a young couple in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, a favourite haunt of his. The sweater girl thought that their plaster-cast counterparts of the 1820s were rather cute—especially the beau in the beaver hat. Boy friend, feeling unromantic by comparison, scornfully thrust his hands deeper into his baggy trousers, but couldn't help wondering whether he and his girl would look as good in a glass case a hundred years from now.

wrong before," she said. "I needn't have dragged my bones along to that bus stop. I could have stayed in the car in the dry."

She gave him a nasty sideways look, as if she thought he'd bought that particular car to annoy her.

"You needn't worry now. I'll have you into town in no time," he promised her. "You'll be all right—just take a stiff dose of that whisky when you get home."

"If he's left any," said the woman.

They were nearing the suburbs, where a big ring road crossed the road they were on. There were traffic lights, at the red. He pulled the car in close to the grass verge and waited. Presently a big dark shape pulled in on his right.

"Third bus!" said the woman. "Don't know what time I shall be gettin' back."

"I shall be late at the office myself," he said.

"But I've got his dinner to do," said the woman.

"Anyway, you've saved your fare," he reminded her.

She sniffed.

The lights turned to amber, to green. He let in the clutch. And the engine stopped dead.

"Oh, my Gawd!" said the woman. "It's done it again!"

The bus crept away over the crossing and disappeared in the direction of the town. Other cars behind were beginning to honk violently.

"Damn!" he said, getting out and flinging back the bonnet once more. He pulled and pushed and slapped and wondered. Then he found the Myrtle Cottage woman at his side.

"You'll get drenched if you stand there," he said.

"I am drenched!" she snapped. "Lucky if I don't end up with the 'flu after this caper."

"If you'll please get back in the car ——"

"Get back nothing! I'll walk the rest of the way. I can be sure of my feet!"

AND away she went through the pounding rain, over the crossing and away to the town. He let out a long sigh and began to manhandle the car. And once again firmness brought its reward. In a couple of minutes or so he was driving over the crossing.

He overtook the Myrtle Cottage woman again near the town centre. Once more he pulled up and opened the door.

"You see," he said. "You needn't have got out."

"Don't you talk to me!" she shouted.

"Please let me take you to the end of your journey——"

"I've *got* to the end of my journey!" she said.

Suddenly the car let out a bang like a thunderbolt and the engine stopped dead once more. The Myrtle Cottage woman leapt back and clutched her hat with trembling fingers.

"How dare you!" she cried.

"Really!" he said. "You don't imagine I did that on purpose, do you?"

"I wouldn't put anything past you!" she snapped. "If you ask me, you're proper round the bend. What with *this* and plum trees, it's a wonder they didn't put you away years ago!"

She turned away and squelched through an office door. A second before a policeman came across the street to see if he intended to keep the car there long, he noticed the words on a brass plate beside the door. *Somersby, Patchett, Patchett and Grigg, Solicitors.*

"Damn!" he said.

He's living back in the town again now. He found he didn't get on with the people in the village.

SOME SWALLOW ANYTHING!

by HERBERT HODGE

I'VE JUST HAD ANOTHER short spell at what many people think is the ideal life—going to the pictures and being paid for it. A film critic's job is certainly very pleasant for a short time, but it soon begins to seem like hard work.

After the first week, I noticed I began to get angry when I had to see a few minutes of news-reel before the big film came on. (And no extra payment for overtime!) I could hear other critics grumbling in the darkness, too. "Are we expected to sit through this?"

Most of the new films I've seen have been put on during the ordinary programme of a West End cinema—which must make a very pleasant surprise for the paying members of the audience.

I think it's better for the critic, too. I feel I can judge the entertainment value of a film better when I see it with an ordinary audience than when I see it coldly on a private screen with a handful of professional critics. There's an altogether different atmosphere.

Just Right for Her

For instance, a lot of the recent Googie Withers comedy, *Once Upon a Dream*, turned my stomach, but I was surprised to hear a woman sitting near me chortling out loud. It had obviously hit her mental level—and hit it so accurately that she could see just one step ahead of the action. Soon her glee reached such heights that she could no longer contain herself. She was visited with the gift of prophecy, and began to tell us lucky people sitting near her exactly what was going to happen next.

At first, I was irritated, wishing cinemas were fitted with overhead extinguishers to drop on people like that. But as she went happily on from prophecy to prophecy, chortling with satisfaction as each one was fulfilled, I gradually began to feel charmed by her—thinking what a pure and simple nature she must have to be so rapturously amused by such a film.

Besides, from a critic's point of view, she was well worth studying. Possibly she was the very person the film traders are always talking about—the person who, they tell us, doesn't want "art" or "truth" in films, but only to be taken out of herself.

When they say she represents the desires of the great majority, I think they're right. We nearly all go to the films to be taken out of ourselves—to escape from our everyday worries for an hour or two. The only difference between us is that some of us find it easier to escape than others.

Some of us can swallow anything we see on the screen, and some of us need our films to be at least plausibly true to life before we can believe in them. And that's the whole difficulty.

Her glee reached such heights, she could no longer contain herself

Yet I've often noticed that a film which I've thought true to life has been very popular. I'm prepared to bet that any film as true as *The Passionate Friends*, for instance, will be good box office. It tells the kind of love story that everybody knows in their bones is true, and it's presented so vividly that hardly anyone can fail to be absorbed in it—no matter what their intellectual capacity.

Except for Nitwits

If you can succeed in making a film that stirs people's emotions at the highest level of intelligence, I believe the same film will succeed with audiences of all levels of intelligence—except, perhaps, with the absolute nitwits and morons. Surely there aren't so many morons in the world that film producers will lose money if they fail to please them.

Of course, the trouble is that when you ask film producers for more films that are true to life they're apt to think you're asking only for more excruciating tragedies. And they rightly point out that most of us see enough tragedy in real life without wanting to go through it all again at the pictures.

A Dear, Sweet Girl

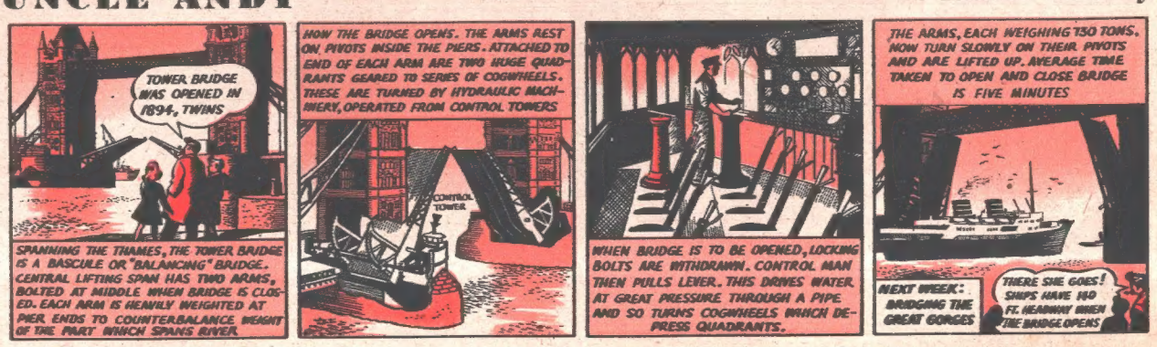
For my part, I could wallow in an excruciating tragedy when I was younger; but nowadays I find I prefer comedy—unless the film happens to be a rare masterpiece like *Odd Man Out*. When I was younger, too, I liked a ragged heroine in a hovel much better than a bathing belle in a marble hall.

But nowadays I find I've become more tolerant about all that. If the heroine's a dear, sweet girl, I don't mind how much her clothes cost. I can even find it in me to mix on friendly terms with millionaires, provided they look human.

So, taking it all round, I'm rather more of a film fan now than I used to be. But I still can't enjoy a film if I can't believe in it for at least the time it takes to show.

UNCLE ANDY

Thames Gateway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NOW THE BRIDGE OPENS. THE ARMS REST ON PIVOTS INSIDE THE PIERS. ATTACHED TO END OF EACH ARM ARE TWO HUGE QUADRANTS GEARED TO SERIES OF COGWHEELS. THESE ARE TURNED BY HYDRAULIC MACHINERY, OPERATED FROM CONTROL TOWERS
CONTROL TOWER
WHEN BRIDGE IS TO BE OPENED, LOCKING BOLTS ARE WITHDRAWN. CONTROL MAN THEN PULLS LEVER. THIS DRIVES WATER AT GREAT PRESSURE THROUGH A PIPE AND SO TURNS COGWHEELS WHICH DEPRESS QUADRANTS.
THE ARMS, EACH WEIGHING 750 TONS, NOW TURN SLOWLY ON THEIR PIVOTS AND ARE LIFTED UP. AVERAGE TIME TAKEN TO OPEN AND CLOSE BRIDGE IS FIVE MINUTES
NEXT WEEK: BRIDGING THE GREAT GORGES
THERE SHE GOES! SHIPS HAVE 140 FT. HEADWAY WHEN THE BRIDGE OPENS

EASTER IN WONDERLAND

SPEND Easter in London with a companion, celebrating in millionaire style your capture of a £500 cheque! That will be JOHN BULL's invitation to the sender of this week's best *Bullet*.

The young couple you see here pausing outside Madame Tussaud's are reader J. V. Mather and his wife, 13 Park View Road, Bolton—they were guests of JOHN BULL in London last Easter, celebrating his £300 prize for a *Bullet*. "We were bewilderingly happy," said Mr. Mather in a seven-page letter of appreciation afterwards.

Free travel, free hotel accommodation, seats for a First Division football match, an evening visit to the famous Palladium, a celebration dinner, a sightseeing tour of London in a private car—enjoying all these and with £500 in the bank, wouldn't you be happy, too?

Your coupon awaits you below. If you want the happiest Easter of your life, post your entry by Monday, March 14.

* * *

Have you noticed the new "Signpost" prizes just introduced into Crosswords? These extra awards mean that a success in this entertaining "Quiz" is almost as easy as winning a prize from Wilfred Pickles! Why not "have a go" this week?

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

£500

plus EASTER weekend in LONDON for TWO (Thursday, April 14, to Tuesday, April 19) including tour of London, seats at a First Division Football Match and stalls at the Palladium Theatre.

2nd Prize	3rd Prize
£50	£25

2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

100 EASTER CAKES 3,000 "Good Shots"

BONUSES of "BULLETS" SEASONS

Each cash or Easter Cake prize for *Bullet* which was one of 28, entry of 4 efforts on single coupon (or plain-paper entry sheet) will be accompanied by a *Bullets* Season as Bonus.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 2 and in JOHN BULL dated April 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Prosperity's Tide	Out Of Place
Collector Cripps	In Mother's Basket
Food	Sticky Mess
Shows It's Spring	Regimental Mascot
Paradise For Two	Girl On The Phone
Something Solid	
Can't Go On	**Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions**
Bottomless Pit	
It's Surprising, But	All.....Thinks Of
To Rack And Ruin	Clean.....
Searching	Nobody To.....
At The Laundry	Taken For.....
Sadly Mistaken	Busy In The.....
Like A Scalded Cat	Give.....Time And
Swollen Head	

GET THIS GUIDE

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, advice from competitors and an invaluable "Weighing-up" of Clues for Crossworders, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,671 (or Xword 623) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BULLETIN LABEL

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated March 26. If this is your first specimen copy please mark × here

484

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Fee: 6d. per *Bullet* on coupon or plain paper—see Bonus Offer above.

Closing Postmark, **1,671** MON., MAR. 14

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4 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 618

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Ballot. 3, Cur. 5, Chair. 7, Ban. 8, Played. 10, Current. 13, Event. DOWN: 1, Bows. 2, Trite. 4, Ruin. 6, Match. 9, Tie. 10, Cub. 11, Rate or Rats. 12, Tie.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: J. C. Carroll, 19 Vectis Road, Alverstoke, Gosport; L. F. Chilvers, 6 Meadowbrook Close, City Road, Norwich; E. Harrow, 13 Halifax Street, Sydenham, S.E.26; M/s. D. H. D. Kingsford, 4 Eton Court, Shepherds Hill, N.6. In addition each Winner receives Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 36 entrants.

"Bullets" Winners 1,666

FIRST PRIZE, £500: J. Kavanagh, Newtownkelly, Coalisland, Co. Tyrone, N. Ireland: HOME OF THE FREE PEOPLE "RUNNING," NOT FLEEING!

SECOND PRIZE, £50: R. Ford, 47 Main Street, Stapenhill, Burton-on-Trent: ANOTHER MILESTONE—LAST YEAR'S "MOUNTAIN."

THIRD PRIZE, £25: H. T. Williams, 211 Cardiff Road, Aberaman, Aberdare: EXPERT FROM WHITEHALL — DAD'S THREATENED HEN WITH!

OTHER AWARDS: £20: R. Gaze, 38 Windsor Road, Lowestoft: GIVEN MORE—TO GIVING—NEARER "GIVER." £18: E. R. Prior, 71 Gillingham Avenue, Gillingham, Kent: PUT BEFORE HEALTH—ROOSEVELT'S JOURNEYS, NOT STALIN'S! £16: Miss J. Watson, Clocksbriggs, By Forfar, Angus: FAME AND FORTUNE—FAR FAIRER AFAR. £14: R. F. Walsh, 59 Heatherdale Road, Liverpool, 18: PUT BEFORE EVERYTHING—PEACE, BEFORE EVERYTHING "PHUT." £12: G. Douglas, 45 George Street, Basingstoke: HAILED WITH DELIGHT—KING'S RECOVERY—AND KINGDOM'S. £10: Mrs. G. Crocker, 23 Ashburton Road, Newton Abbot: FOR LOVE OF HUMANITY—*Don't* STOP "HUNTING." *Peace!* £10: Mrs. A. Lamb, 47 Burnthwaite Road, Liverpool, 14: EXPERT FROM WHITEHALL — DOUBLED OUTPUT OF — DUPLICATOR!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Supplies limited, so apply immediately on 2d. stamped postcard addressed: Result 1,666, *Bulletin* Dept., 1 Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

All prizes have been posted, including 50 of £1 and 3,000 new "Good Shot" Awards.

FOOD PARCELS and XWORD CASH

FIRST PRIZE £100

AWARDS VALUE **£25** Amongst 1st Runners-up

NEW PRIZES —unlimited "Signpost" Awards for 2nd Runners-up.

FOOD PARCELS —a 14-lb. collection of foodstuffs with all prizes value £1 and over.

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 623

1. Children today have little regard for
3. Housewife doesn't like one three or four times a week
5. Such customs don't appeal much to the moderns
6. Painter likes his pictures to do this
8. It is sometimes in touch
12. Naturally causes many people certain amount of windiness
13. Shouldn't be eclipsed by any other actor
14. Ambitious youngster is only too apt to look for these all the way

Down Clues

1. Actors may well be nervous about playing in
2. Spy must sometimes come across puzzling sort of one
4. One generally has bay
7. May save youngster from getting in bit of a mess
9. Pictures can easily be hung up by these
10. Was often invaluable asset to the besieged
11. Can rise pretty high

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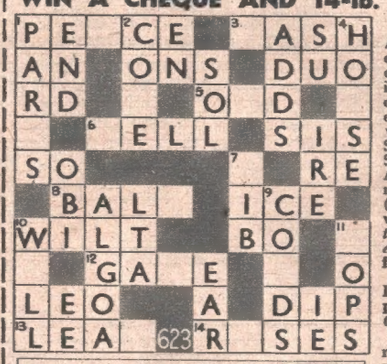

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 26.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

623 Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 14

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Signed .....

Address.....

Write to John Bull About It

John Bull's expert advisers help to solve readers' personal problems. Answers on points of general interest are published each week

Agricultural Scholarships

D. S. (Cambridge): There are a number of agricultural scholarships tenable at farm institutes or similar centres that cover agriculture, horticulture, dairying and poultry husbandry. They are open to agricultural workers and to the sons and daughters of agricultural workers. Neither recipients nor parents are normally required to contribute towards the cost of training. The usual method of selection is by interview, no written examination being held, but candidates must satisfy the selection committee that they are likely to benefit from the instruction and seriously intend to take up an agricultural career. Generally, candidates should not be under seventeen years of age on September 30 next. Full information and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture, 1 Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1, or from the county council offices. Last date for submitting applications is April 30.

Wireless Licence

G. D. (Sale): A house owner only requires one wireless licence, no matter how many sets he has in his home. If he lets part of his house, the tenant would be maintaining a separate establishment and would require a licence for any set he uses.

Veterans Who Work On

N. K. (Hastings): The provision of the National Insurance Act under which persons who postpone retirement beyond the age of sixty-five may qualify for a pension above the usual rate does not apply to those who reached pensionable age before July 5, 1948.

Parents Meet Teachers

E. B. (Tamworth): Your suggestion for closer collaboration between parents and teachers is a good one but not so original as you think. There are scores of parent-teacher associations up and down the country. They do much to prevent misunderstandings on both sides. Teachers and parents ought to know one another since they deal with the same human problems. The only criticism of these associations is that the parents who attend most readily are those who have least need of enlightenment. Those who ought to be there are the indifferent ones.

Dustbins

W. Y. (Lewisham): Under the 1936 Public Health Act, local authorities may charge up to 2s. 6d. annually for supplying dustbins. Some authorities have local Acts varying the maximum charges. After April 1, authorities will be able to charge up to 5s. a year for each dustbin provided.

Sailors in Civvies

F. N. (Norwich): The question of seamen leaving and entering barracks in civilian clothing—Army and R.A.F. personnel can already do this—has been under consideration for some time. It has now been decided that the privilege cannot be extended to ratings below petty officer.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

WHERE ARE OUR NEW WRITERS?

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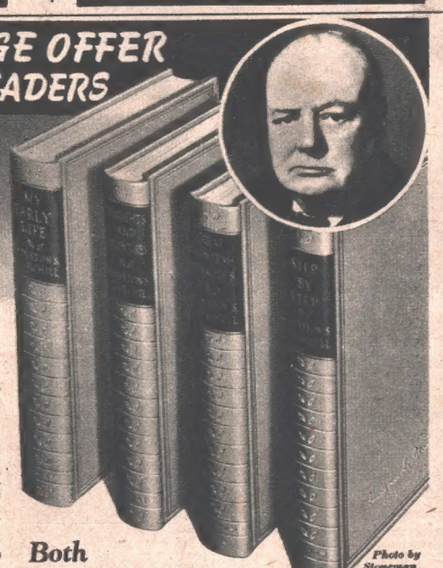

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Illustration shows the beautiful De Luxe edition.

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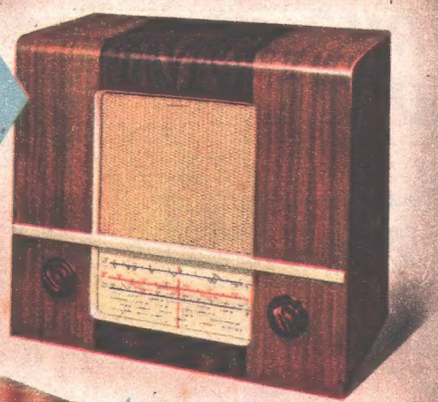

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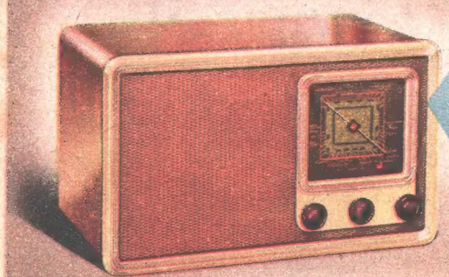

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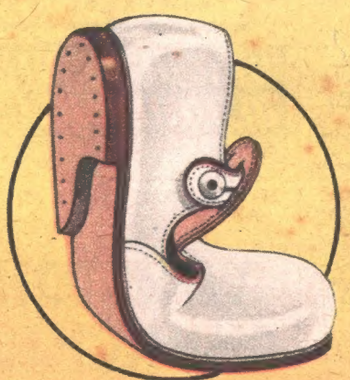

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